National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 35. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,075.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY.

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

HOLIER THAN THOU!

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS is certainly entitled to the sympathy of all kindly considerate persons. He has made the anti-slavery reform what the advertising doctors call "a speciality." He is like a man who has invented a pill, and believes nothing in the world greater than his orbicular marvel of scammony and gamboge. He sometimes reminds us of the dog in the Prologue of Rabelais. "Did you ever," says that facetious philosopher, "see a dog with a marrow bone in his mouth, the beast of all others, according to Plato, the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what devotion and circumspection he wards and watches it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbles it; with what affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it." Anti-Slavery is Mr. Phillips's bone; and no man can venture to indulge in a little philanthropy without provoking from that gentleman a sub-acidulous snarl. He dotes only upon those who disagree with him, and all his converts immediately become the objects, not perhaps of his jealousy, but certainly of his suspicion. He loves his enemies, because it is so delightful to pummel them, and he dilates with pleasure over some fresh and uncommon wickedness, just as a surgeon admires a large ulcer better than a cheek which health has incarnadined. D'Israeli says somewhere that the Jews shrink from a convert as from a calamity; and very good Abolitionists may be very good Jews in more ways than one. Mr. Phillips is a close communion reformer. You must take the wine out of his cup, or you shall not have a drop; you must receive the bread from his plate, or you shall not swallow a scrap. When you have confessed according to his prescription, and eaten uncommon quantities of humble pie, Mr. Phillips admits that you may possibly have a blinking idea of the sin of slavery, and just a little feeble and emotional desire to combat it; but what he does not by any means admit is, that you hate it as he hates it, that you are sincere as he is sincere, or that you are consistent according to his code of consistency. He puts you instantly upon the defensive; he challenges your right to assist in the good work; he carps, sneers, and undervalues: and, having quibbled you into the category of man-stealers, he makes cruel speeches about you, upon all possible occasions. A mind so warped and twisted, a judgment so inequitable and dislocated, a character so essentially and incessantly unamiable, is the more to be pitied, when traces of its original generosity are still perceptible, and when, in spite of its standing protest against being admired, we cannot help admiring its better qualities. The contest in which Mr. Phillips has passed his life has been a cruel one; we wish, with all other sacrifices, that he had not felt himself obliged to sacrifice his catholicity and kindness of nature. A bigot of liberality, a sectarian anti-sectarian, a sour philanthropist, is not a pleasing object. Mr. Phillips should remember that hostility to human bondage cannot be monopolized by seven men in Cornhill, Boston; and that a Presidential Election is of more consequence in the world's turmoil than six "Anti-Slavery Bazaars," with a stock of *virtu* from the Duchess of Sutherland, and of ninety nightcaps embroidered by the hands of Lady Byron herself. It is one thing to work actually in public affairs, and to have immediate social results depending upon practical discretion and diligence; it is quite another to fight folly and wrong in the abstract, to be bold upon a platform, but never to be seen at a poll. The best philosophers become in time mere amateurs, and have no honors but those of quotation. Gentlemen who begin by ignoring citizenship are not the best judges of those who still recognize political relations.

There is one ramification of Mr. Phillips's well rooted spleen which perhaps we are not disinterested enough to consider with charitable equanimity. He is afflicted by a great and chronic grudge against newspapers; and we suppose that of the thousand sheets emitted daily or weekly in the United States, he regards as worthy of respect only two. For *The Tribune* we are sorry to notice that he has little affection; and it is really painful to observe what circuitous journeys he is, once or twice in a year, in the habit of making, merely that he may have his gibe at us. If any journal rises to the honor of being named in his speeches, it is always *The Tribune;* and the impression of us which any auditor would receive from these amiable allusions would be, that we are in conspiracy with Keitt, Slidell, and the ghost of Mr. Preston S. Brooks to preserve the Union and postpone emancipation. We are, as a matter of good taste, almost defenceless against this kind of attack. It is not for us to say how much we have been enabled to do; how many minds we have convinced, or how many men we have led in the path of right action. But we have certainly the right, as we have not less the inclination, to speak for the general Republican press of the country; and to declare that in earnest and practical advocacy of the rights of man, and in educating the public thought up to a healthy abhorrence of slavery, the Republican newspapers have done and are still doing a noble work. Mr. Phillips, who knows nothing at all about the conduct of newspapers, cannot understand this. He has never used them. His experience of them is confined to the occasional contribution of half a column to *The Liberator*. When he was a very young man, all the newspapers were against him, and he fancies that they are all against him still. He lacks largeness of view to that deplorable extent, that he cannot conceive of a tempest on the outside of a tea pot. A little Convention in a little village passing a little series of little resolutions, and just a little disturbed by the lewd and base, is to Mr. Phillips the most august of all possible human gatherings. He wastes upon a score of drunken rioters more indignation than he has to spare upon the assassination of a Senator. It is his misfortune, as it is that of the handful who concert with him, that they look at large events through the large end of the telescope; while, when little affairs are to be scrutinized, there is no microscope powerful enough to satisfy their appetite for magnificence. They cannot work conveniently except in a corner. The reform which is legislated—the ripe result of popular conviction demonstrated in the election returns—the hope of honest work initiated by an honest Congress, and consummated by an honest President—these are, according to Mr. Phillips, impossible. Everything must be done in the routine of a *clique*. You must subscribe for *The Liberator*. You must be mobbed twice in a year—once in New-York and once in Boston. You must think as Mr. Garrison thinks, and you must not think as anybody else thinks. If you are found faithful in these things, you are esteemed faithful in all.

It is, we confess, melancholy to find this poor result of really honorable and praiseworthy exertions. Something, we suppose, must be conceded to honest purpose; some allowance must be made for that infirmity of vision which follows too close a scrutiny of a single point. Very good men may work by formula, and work, alas! to small purpose. Our only doubt is, whether it is even worth while to try to put them right. Perhaps it would be most merciful to leave a mill horse to stagger in his circle to the end; for he will fall down if he is taken out of it, and even if he should survive transplantation, he would be utterly useless for the plain and straightforward highway.—*New York Tribune.*

INTERESTING ANTI-SLAVERYISM.—We had occasion, a few days since, to say a word or two, by way of remonstrance, against the manifest inclination, on the part of the invitation committees of some of our Library Associations and Literary Societies, to invite addresses from men who are chiefly celebrated only as anti-slavery damagogues and sectional agitators. We are not sure that any of these associations or societies are officialy responsible for the appearance of Mr. Charles Sumner at the Cooper Institute recently, but, in the present distracted state of the public mind, we would rather not see the Mercantile Library Association, and the Young Men's Christian Association, coöperating in any way to bring such men upon the platform. On such occasions, we know, the subject of discourse is professedly not a partisan nor a sectional one, but the practice, on the contrary, is to infuse as much anti-slavery into it as circumstances or the patience of the auditory will permit.

If men who have contributed so much to inflame human passions, and to place the two great divisions of our country in a hostile attitude towards each other, substituting animosity and discord for brotherly love, will insist upon coming before the people when the storm is howling, in God's name let them come—but let it be—not to make matters worse—but to join their efforts to ours, to restore peace, remove anxiety, restore confidence, and save the Union!—*New York Express.*

Selections.

DR. CHEEVER IN SCOTLAND.

[We have before us the Aberdeen (Scotland) *Free Press* of Dec. 14, containing the proceedings of a public meeting held in that city, Dec. 10th, to hear an address on American Slavery from Dr. Cheever, and to assist in raising funds for his support as Pastor of the Church of the Puritans. The meeting was large, and embraced the most eminent clergymen and citizens of Aberdeen. Neil Smith, Jr., Esq., occupied the chair. From Dr. Cheever's address we give an extract, regretting that we cannot find room for the whole.]

As to the wide-spread character of the evil in America, a gentleman told him that, not long since, he met a planter in New Orleans who had 300 slaves. He talked very freely with him about the sinfulness of the slave business. The planter said, "I abhor the system, and would, if I could, abolish slavery myself at a blow. It is all nonsense to talk about the danger of abolishing it. I would set my own slaves free, if I could do it." "What is in the way of it?" asked the gentleman. "They are all mortgaged," was the reply, "and if I parted with them they would be sold to-morrow. Your New York merchants hold the mortgages; they were glad to get them, and would sell the slaves to the highest bidder to-morrow." And thus it is; the anti-slavery principle goes for nothing. It is not the welfare of the negro, nor the restoration of his rights, that is regarded in the least, it is only the success of the white man's party. If that can be secured, the rights of black men will be trampled on. The great anti-slavery (Republican) party disclaim the abolition principle. There is a story told of an old negro, who prayed every night that "the Lord would send the angel of death to take Cæsar's soul straight to heaven." One evening, before retiring to rest, he was startled by a loud knocking. "Whose dat?" "De Lord's messenger," was the reply, in a sepulchral tone. "What do you want?" "Time for Cæsar to die—wants Cæsar's soul," was answered in a still more solemn voice. Out went the light, and in below the bed went the simple, pious petitioner. "No such nigger here, sare—he been dead three weeks ago" (much laughter). This pictures to the life the anti-slavery principles of not a few—"No such principle here, sir—has been dead since last election—(laughter). We have nothing to do with such principles—we cannot interfere with the domestic institution of the South." In meeting individuals from America, they will always profess anti-slavery principles in the abstract. But ask, "Are you an Abolitionist?" they will say, "These are a mere knot of infidels and fanatics in our country." Ask next, "Do you go for the abolition of slavery?" the reply will be, "I go against the extension of slavery—am thoroughly anti-slavery—but I am not for interfering with the vested interests of the South. It would lead to great evils if we attempted any such thing. You are very much mistaken if you suppose abolition is the right thing in America." Now, it is because my Church have declared themselves not merely anti-slavery, but Abolitionist (applause) that we have to meet such terrible oppositiou. Why we have raised up such bitter enemies in the Church, and among the ministry, as well as among political parties and in the ranks of the pro-slavery multitude, is, because it is literally impossible for any Church to take such a stand without having to run the gauntlet of strife within as well as to bear slander and excommunication from without. The question is between those who affirm that slavery is a sin, and those who affirm that it is not. These latter profess anti-slavery principles, and it is exceedingly popular in the North to do that; you will really scarcely find a man who does not. But he who professes himself most anti-slavery will not advocate abolition in the South. Even the very President elect has himself declared that if the Fugitive Slave law is not found strong enough, he will go for a more stringent statute than any that at present exists; meanwhile, he will enforce the present Fugitive Slave law with all the power of government; nor will either he or the Republican party interfere with the vested rights of the Southern States. This sort of anti-slavery is very popular; no man is alarmed—none interfered with. The other party makes the Slave Power tremble to its centre, and at the same time they arouse the opposition of those ministers and Churches which admit the criminal to the Church as no criminal, but simply a "Christian slaveholder!" Surely, in the words of one of their countrymen, as well a "Christian murderer or a Christian adulterer!" (Cheers).

[The Rev. Mr. Adam moved a resolution declaring it to be the duty of Christians living beyond as well as within the limits of the United States to use all lawful means in aid of the efforts of such as are endeavoring to obtain the total abolition of American slavery. In support of this resolution he made an admirable address, which we copy as follows.]

It is not necessary for me to argue in favor of the abolition of American slavery. We are all at one on that subject, and if we had been otherwise, if we had been in doubt before, the eloquent address we have now heard must have produced conviction, as I am sure it has confirmed and deepened it in every mind. But unhappily it is not so in America. Those who are there struggling in any earnest and thorough way for the complete and immediate removal of this foul stain from their country, are a comparatively small minority. They have to encounter great opposition, and that often not of a very creditable description, I mean as regards its authors (hear). The case of our distinguished visitor is an example. He has been assailed by every sort of weapon—assailed from quarters in which he might rather have looked for a shield of defence, and the missiles are even being hurled all the way across the broad Atlantic at his devoted head, and are flying as thick and fast as the pages of *The Scotsman* and such like papers can spread them over the land. At this we need not greatly wonder. In all ages it has been the fate of those who have led the van in the warfare against gigantic systems of corruption and oppression (cheers). You remember how it fared with the apostles and first disciples of Christ. "These men are full of new wine." "Those that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." They were charged with violence, rebellion, madness. At the period of the Reformation, Luther, Knox, and the other leaders in that great and glorious spiritual emancipation, though men of stainless purity and devoted piety, men of whom the world was not worthy, were held up by their Popish adversaries as monsters of iniquity and infamy, as stained with every vice and crime that can be conceived. In later times, those among ourselves who first took up the cause of the oppressed and called for an immediate end to be put to the horrid slave trade, and the horrid slave system, were stigmatized as revolutionists and looked upon as wild and dangerous characters. Let us not think, then—let Dr. Cheever himself not think—that any strange thing has happened to him, but rather let us, and let him, see in these trials the fire and water through which those must pass who would either obtain or achieve any great deliverance in the earth. The very strength and courage which have brought him into them are a guarantee that he will not sink under them, but rise above them and reach the wealthy place (applause). Again, in addition to the ordinary law in such cases, there is much in the special state of American feeling on the subject to explain the treatment to which I have referred. That the pro-slavery sentiment is there deep and wide, strong and pervading, is too manifest; for were it not so, the abominable system could not be tolerated for a moment. What a monstrous thing is it anywhere, but, above all, in America! America, the great republic of the world—the land that boasts of being free as no other is—that in its Constitution proclaims all men equal. The people are not such fools as not to see the gross inconsistency, the disgrace brought upon their lofty pretensions by this plague spot; and were it not for a thorough and general determination to maintain the iniquity for selfish ends, for the purposes of gain and power, it would be swept away at once and for ever. Few things better bring out the actual state of matters than that the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency should be regarded as such a triumph by the opponents, and such a defeat by the advocates of slavery, for he happens to be no friend to abolition; he is not disposed to touch the evil where it exists. I believe he pledges himself not to touch it, yea, to uphold it, by enforcing the vile Fugitive Slave law, and even, if need be, adopting other measures of a similar kind; and all the length he goes is, not to favor its introduction into other States. No doubt it is a hopeful and encouraging sign, that the Southern party has been for the first time baffled and overthrown; but still there is not very much to be expected from such milk-and-water friends, especially hampered and fettered as they are by the influences by which they are surrounded. It is as if the Highlanders had come down and seized the whole County of Perth—property and people; and when called upon to give up the spoil and retire to their own mountains, were to say, Oh, we do not mean to go into Forfarshire or Aberdeenshire; and so we are undoubted enemies to all marauding and plundering. Can you doubt our sincerity or consistency, or refuse our alliance? And there is one part in which the prevalent apathy, or rather hostility, to which one can scarcely refer without indignation. I feel almost as if it involved a personal disgrace. I allude to the conduct of the ministers of the gospel, and these of nearly all denominations (hear). Many of them defend the system, and that not only by pleading for it, but in the most practical of all ways—by holding slaves themselves. Others, of high name, admit that it is an evil, even that it is a sin, but then, with well nigh universal consent, they condemn the discussion of it, preaching against it, or taking any decided active measures with regard to it. What is the pulpit for, but to witness against this and all iniquity? ("Hear," and loud applause.) Should anything whatever deter the Church from testifying against wrong, and such wrong, so injurious to man and dishonoring to God? Is not this policy of silence like what the prophet denounces: "His watchmen are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber"? The command is, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." And this had respect to a state of things not much unlike that in America at the present moment. The forms of religion were carefully observed, sacrifices and services were multiplied, the ordinances of justice were asked, and every outward mark of penitence exhibited; but it was altogether forgotten that this was God's chosen fast, "To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." In these circumstances, however much we regret, we can scarcely wonder that Dr. Cheever has been opposed and persecuted in the course he has pursued. His exposures and rebukes must have been all the more galling to Americans from the sense of the anomaly and monstrosity of such a system prevailing amongst them—prevailing in contradiction so flagrant, and almost ludicrous, to the spirit of their institutions and the character they wish to claim for themselves among the nations of the world ("Hear, hear"). Whether our visitor has been guilty of any imprudence in his advocacy of this cause, I cannot say, and I do not very much care to inquire. The Bible tells us what is often the result of oppression in the case of the wisest. There are some people so excessively prudent, so marvellously judicious, that there is no danger of their going far wrong. But, then, if you cannot say of these persons that they are good for nothing, you may safely say that they are good for little. No fear of their leaving the beaten path, bearding the lion in his den, or rushing out of the ranks and dashing into the thick of the enemy. The men who can dare and accomplish great things have generally more or less of that ardent, impetuous, heroic temperament, which makes its possessor speak and act in a way that the more timid—and prudent, if you will—cannot always approve of. Tried by this test, how heavy the condemnation we would have to pronounce upon martyrs, reformers, missionaries, and many of the noblest characters of which history has any record. Dr. Cheever comes to us for sympathy and support, and is he not well entitled to both at our hands? I am sure few of my hearers would wish to resemble those Americans with whom the Doctor has had to contend. Now, there is danger of your being somewhat like them. They say we are against slavery—decidedly, but then they are for letting it alone, they will not put forth a finger for its removal. The sentiment is good, but there is no corresponding action. Let us not say we are for Dr. Cheever, but let him fight away—we can give him no pecuniary or other aid. He is oppressed, and we sympathize with him, but there the matter must end, so far as we are concerned. No, Mr. Chairman, let us send back one whose name, long before these contendings, was as a household word among us, whose lectures on "The Pilgrim's Progress" are about as well known as any book among us, let us send him back nerved and encouraged by our countenance and support (cheers), and let us hope—is it unreasonable or absurd to entertain such a hope?—that he may live to see the day of his country's deliverance, and it will be almost as great a deliverance for America as for her negroes, and may even come back to rejoice with us over the great and glorious issue—an issue which, whether it is to be thus speedy or not, is as infallibly certain as the progress of human enlightenment and the triumphs of the gospel (applause).

[Baillie Oswald seconded the resolution, supporting it in a pertinent address; after which a Committee, nominated by the Dean of Guild, was appointed to promote the objects of Dr. Cheever's visit. The chairman observed that if he had had any prejudice or doubts as to the expediency of Dr. Cheever's mission, he must say they had been entirely dispelled by the admirable address they had heard (applause). And he thought they were bound to take up this cause as personal to themselves, and to their Christianity (applause).]

SPEECH OF REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

[We copy from the Edinburgh *Witness* the speech made by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, introducing the Rev. Dr. Cheever to a public meeting in that city.]

Dr. Guthrie rose, and was received with cheers. He said that, but for the extraordinary number of meetings that were held this day in Edinburgh, the attendance at this meeting, large as it was, would have been much larger still. He was happy, indeed, that it was not necessary that he should detain them by any introduction of Dr. Cheever, because he had already taken part in two of these meetings, and he had to leave the house to do other duty. He was not fit to do justice to Dr. Cheever's merits. Had Dr. Cheever come over fifteen years ago, it might have been necessary to introduce him; but it was not necessary to say anything after he had written his life of John Bunyan, after he had stood forth as the most consistent opponent of slavery, after he had been imprisoned as a martyr to the cause of mercy, and after what he has made out for himself—what most men don't do till they die—a claim to be considered as a martyr in the best and noblest of causes (cheers). Dr. Cheever might say to anybody who needed that he should be introduced to him, "Not to know me argues yourself unknown" (laughter and cheers). He (Dr. Guthrie) had appeared in this cause before; but he was thankful to say that, notwithstanding all the storms that had blown on him from across the Atlantic, he had not disappeared (laughter). He was still alive, and as ready to lift up his voice against slavery as ever he was (cheers). He took this opportunity of saying that he had spoken a great deal, that he had talked somehow on all manner of subjects during the last five and twenty years; and when he came to be on his death-bed, and to recall all that he had said and done, he would have much to regret and much to ask forgiveness for. But he was as confident of this as that he was standing before this audience, that the meetings he would look back upon with the least regret, and the sentiments he would remember with the most gratitude and satisfaction, would be those which he had spoken on behalf of the wronged and oppressed (cheers). He felt that he had nothing to recant in that matter, and that he had nothing to repent of. He was thoroughly convinced of this, that Dr. Cheever would find Scotland to be a very different scene, and the Scotch to be a very different people, from what some of his countrymen had found them to be. He heard a man say in the omnibus, as he was coming in, that he was never surprised but at two things. Whatever might be that man's surprises, he (Dr. Guthrie) was often surprised; but nothing had ever given him more surprise than the extraordinary revolution that had occurred in his country and his countrymen. He had looked around for the evidence of this, and he had yet to find it; but he found, in a letter signed "Kirwan," a statement which he would read. This was the signature of a clergyman in New Jersey who visited this country some time ago, and he regretted that he (Dr. Guthrie) was not present on that occasion, when he was to be bearded, or he was to beard them (cheers and laughter). He hoped that the next time that they would come over they would have a *rencontre*. The statement made by "Kirwan" was, "Nor did we converse in England or in Scotland with man, woman, or minister who did not stigmatize as folly the addresses of Drs. Candlish and Guthrie on American slavery" (laughter). That was the surprise he got. Perhaps he might entertain the meeting, *seria mixta cum jocis*, and give them a relief to Dr. Cheever's statements, if he should read a picture of Dr. Guthrie from the same party. "Dr. Guthrie," he says, "is a man of big feelings and little prudence (laughter), of great rhetoric"—my thanks to him for that, if he had not fallen into this—"but less logic. He declaims with equal power on subjects he does not understand (laughter); but the good men in Scotland should not be held responsible for the excesses into which his big feelings hurry him, when excited by a clamorous and applauding audience, and by an opportunity of making a popular address" (laughter and cheers). There was a good deal more, but he thought that was enough. He was none the worse of that; and the fact was, that anything he said on behalf of the negro and the oppressed, and such noble champion, Dr. Cheever, he considered, in honest truth, a greater honor than any degree that was ever conferred upon him (cheers). It was not necessary that he should introduce Dr. Cheever. He would not insult Dr. Cheever, nor would he insult the audience, by saying much on this subject beyond this, that they had their martyrs who suffered in the cause of civil and religious liberty. No town had more of these than Edingburgh, and its proudest recollections were connected with them. But here they had a living martyr in the noblest of causes. Dr. Cheever had suffered everything that man could inflict on him for his labors in behalf of the oppressed; and he stood out from his brethren in the use of that unmeasured language which God's own Word employed against slavery. The front of Dr. Cheever's offending was neither more nor less than this, that in attacking slavery he put his foot on the Word of God. He (Dr. Guthrie) had heard small whispers about imprudence and extravagance, and he had been warned by gentlemen to take care how he committed himself to Dr. Cheever; and he had got letters to the same effect. He put them all down to one cause. It was curious that in every one of these cases he could trace some connection with New York—he always landed himself in New York, either through business connection or through relatives (laughter). Never was a word whispered in his ear against Dr. Cheever, but in one form or other, directly or indirectly, it had some connection with that land that was cursed by slavery. As to Dr. Cheever's proceedings they had the best of all testimony, and not from men of his own Church. He had read a letter, signed by a body of Wesleyan ministers in America, bearing their testimony to the righteousness of the cause that Dr. Cheever had pursued in that country, and that it was one that was altogether in accordance with the highest principles of the Word of God. There was a Church in America that held the same principles as a small Church in their own country—small in numbers, but great in intellect, and great in principle—he meant the Cameronians, at the head of which were Dr. Goold and Dr. Symington. There was no Church in Christendom more worthy of respect than this. They had all the principles, and much of the power, of that man from whom they take their name. That body in America had issued an address to Dr. Cheever, and that address was signed by ministers of the highest character and the highest position; and they gave the lie direct to all the misrepresentations that have been poured on the head of this noble man (cheers). That was enough for him. But he could perfectly well understand how Dr. Cheever was opposed as he was in America. A gentleman, who was finding some small fault with Dr. Cheever, said to him, "You are a temperance man, you are an abstinence league man; but if you were always preaching abstinence and temperance in your pulpit, you would put yourself in the same position as Dr. Cheever has done about slavery." "Well," he said to his friend, "I would never perhaps allow a Sabbath to pass in St. John's Church without raising up my voice in behalf of temperance, if drunkenness and drinking were by law forced upon our people as slavery is in America—if drunkenness was defended and inculcated from the pulpits of Scotland as slavery is from the pulpits of America" (cheers). It was this advocacy of slavery in the pulpit, and on religious grounds, more than anything else, made him the anti-slavery man he now was. He had read *The Presbyterian* newspaper, published at Philadelphia—he would attack one of his own body—for ten years, and a better religious newspaper, apart from this one thing, never existed. It was a noble religious newspaper; and, what stirred him against the Church party in America was this, that that paper had denounced the national sins of America, had denounced drunkenness, had denounced luxury in dress, had denounced fraud in trade, had denounced Sabbath-breaking, but never denounced slavery. Never! but it denounced him for denouncing slavery (cheers). In a confession of faith of one of the Presbyterian bodies of America, there was, thirty years ago, under the eighth commandment, a strong statement against slavery; but they had withdrawn it now. One of the most eminent ministers in New York went to his pulpit in 1850, and defended and inculcated what was called the Fugivtive Slave law—that was, to bid his people seize a man who was on his flight for liberty, and send him back to his chains. In the sermon, he actually went the length of saying, what would have surprised even the man in the 'bus—that he believed that God converted Onesimus for the very purpose of showing that slavery and Christianity were compatible. There was Dr. Cheever on the one side, and there were these ministers and Churches on the other, and he knew which side an Edinburgh audience and an Edinburgh public would take (loud cheers).

THIRTY YEARS COMPLETED.

WE have completed thirty years of editorial life connected with *The Liberator*. We commence a new decade with the same confidence in the principles we espouse, the same assurance of success in the cause we advocate, that we felt at the commencement of our labors—only greatly strengthened by the experience gained, and the progress made toward the goal of final victory. It has been a long, desperate, and (humanly speaking) most unequal struggle with the organized religious sentiment, the political power, the combined wealth, the recognized respectability, the popular feeling, the business selfishness, the satanic malignity, and the universal brutality and ruffianism of the country; but, from the hour the bugle of freedom first sounded its notes in favor of immediate and universal emancipation, the movement has advanced with slow but irresistible power, under Divine guidance, confounding the wisdom of the wise, contemning the might of the strong, taking the cunning in their own craftiness, unmasking the hypocritical, swallowing up all the rods of the magicians, breaking sects and parties into fragments, vanquishing all opponents, its poverty more than a match for all the wealth of the land, its conscience outweighing Church and State, its spirit sublime and unconquerable, its truths self-evident, and its results glorious in the annals of historic achievement; and still,

"Against the wind, against the tide,
It steadies with upright keel,"

outstripping all competition, and with the haven of righteousness and peace full in view.

For thirty years, we have been the target of popular scorn and violence, for imploring the nation to "undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"!

For thirty years, we have been ignominiously branded as heretic and infidel, disorganizer and fanatic, because we have declared chattel slavery to be diametrically at war with the spirit and teachings of Christianity, and that into the true Church enter neither the enslavers nor despisers of their fellowmen!

For thirty years, we have subjected ourselves to outlawry in all the slaveholding States, and have had no common country to recognize our rights and accord to us equal privileges, because we have maintained that liberty ought to be "proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof"!

For thirty years, we have been held up to public abhorrence as a monster of iniquity, and represented as quite unfit to live, because we have "remembered those in bonds as bound with them," refusing to compromise their cause, and carrying out in their behalf the Golden Rule!

For thirty years, the Abolitionists have been mobbed in city, town and village—misunderstood, misrepresented, calumniated, caricatured, ostracised—injured in business, and cut off from all preferment—because they have endorsed the language of John Wesley, that "Slavery is the sum of all villany," and believed with Thomas Jefferson, in regard to the enslaved at the South, that "one hour of their bondage is fraught with more misery than ages of that which we rose in rebellion to oppose"—and trembled with him, when they "reflected that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever"!

The "head and front of our offending," and of theirs, "hath this extent—no more."

So stands the record of impartial history.

But the anti-slavery cause being of heaven, not of men, and guarded and defended by the arm of Omnipotence, no weapon formed against it has been able to prosper. In vain have been, and will be, all compromises between the North and South. The "irrepressible conflict" sweeps everything before it, and laughs to scorn the fulminations of priestcraft, and the devices of political tricksters. All Union-saving efforts are simply idiotic. At last, "the covenant with death" is annulled, and "the agreement with hell" broken—at least, by the action of South Carolina, and, ere long, by all the slaveholding States, for their doom is one. "The dissolution of the Union is the abolition of slavery," said Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, in the United States House of Representatives, a few years ago. Hail the approaching jubilee, ye millions who are wearing the galling chains of slavery; for, assuredly, the day of your redemption draws nigh, bringing liberty to you, and salvation to the whole land!—*Liberator.*

GOVERNOR MORGAN ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Extract from his Message to the Legislature.

DISCONTENTS must sometimes arise, even in a free government, and occasional misunderstandings are incident to every confederacy. The formal proceedings of persons in some of our sister States, with the avowed purpose of dissolving the Federal Union, is nevertheless a subject of painful apprehension, and so imminent has the danger been felt to be, that the business affairs of the country have been deranged, and the public mind greatly perplexed.

The complications which environ the question of a speedy adjustment of existing national difficulties are not the results of any new and unexpected causes, but are the slow growth of a generation. The events of the past year, among which is the significant disruption of the Charleston Convention in April last, have served to produce a more general conviction that there exists an active and influential class of politicians at the South, deliberately conspiring to destroy the American Union, and to construct from the ruins a Southern Confederacy. While many have believed that the frequent manifestations of discontent among our Southern brethren had their origin in real or fancied wrongs on the part of the North, and have been willing to give a sympathetic ear to those complaints, they are not disposed, now that it is more apparent that secession has been contemplated for years, to encourage an attempted destruction of the government upon mere declarations, unsupported by evidence.

But I do not question the sincerity of all who threaten secession; on the contrary, I accept the declarations of many as those of earnest and determined men; and while I have faith that time will essentially modify their views, change their purposes, and prevent them from rushing madly to inevitable destruction through the paths of treason and civil war, ordinary prudence dictates that this patriotic Commonwealth should not hold a position of apparent indifference, and that we should deliberately consider our relations to the questions of proposed secession, as well as the duties which such an event may force upon us. Believing that as this Confederacy had its origin and consummation in mutual sacrifices and benefits; that it is based upon a solemn compact to which the whole people of the United States were parties, and by which all are firmly bound; and that this compact provides for a peaceful redress of fundamental grievances; it is clear that, without a disregard of mutual engagements, no State can voluntarily secede from the Union. A separation of one or more of the States, though called secession, and claimed to be lawful under rights erroneously supposed to have been reserved to the States, can, nevertheless, be practically nothing else than disunion, and disunion, so soon as it shall take its needful form and proportions, must reveal itself in the character of treason, which it will be the high duty of the general government to arrest and punish. The laws of the United States must be executed; the requirements of the Constitution must be obeyed. If the National government is to exist, its power must be adequate to the enforcement of its laws in any of the States of the Union, and under any circumstances. To permit or to acquiesce in a treasonable conspiracy against the national authorities, is to confess that our government is an absolute failure. The people of the State of New York, in my judgment, are not prepared for such an admission; on the contrary, they will give to the Federal authorities, in the adoption of all wise, just, and necessary measures for the enforcement of the laws, their earnest, faithful, and constant support.

Although strenuously opposed to the establishment of the compromise line of 1820, yet, as a settlement of the then existing difficulties, New York and the North generally, acquiesced; and, for the third of a century, were content to regard as sacred a compact, inuring largely to the advantage of the friends of slave labor. The ordinance of 1787 had consecrated to free labor the whole of the northwestern territory, and, in process of time, the rapid stream of emigration had organized it into States. In the meantime, Southern society being less expansive, the North, by natural causes, acquired a preponderating influence in the national councils. The territory west of the Mississippi and north of 36 degrees 30 minutes was still unoccupied. Seeking to preserve its political power, and in spite of its plighted faith, the South determined to remove the barrier to the introduction of slavery to this section, and to occupy it.

The facts connected with the abrogation of the Missouri compact are too recent and too well known to require detail; but from the hour in which the rights of the North were thus invaded, sectional disagreements have been growing wider and more intense, until the fair fabric of the Union is seriously threatened.

Not desiring the adoption of the Missouri line, in 1820, and opposing with all the weight of her influence its repeal in 1854, this State does not ask, nor does she desire, the restoration of that line. After full and free discussion, her people have declared against the extension of slavery into any of the Territories, and this they regard as a disposition of that question until revoked by the same authority. Ever ready, nevertheless, as she has proved herself heretofore, New York will, in all honorable ways, endeavor to reconcile the estrangements now existing in the country.

A magnanimous and loyal State, in such an exigency, may well forego the question whether assumed grievances are real or only imaginary; but while her action should be marked by patience, calmness, conciliation and fraternal affection, there should be no surrender of important rights, nor sacrifice of vital principles. It is equally clear she should not insist on points of pride, or on mere abstractions.

Though brought forward under misapprehension, one such grievance is alleged against this State. In 1840, conformably to the generally received opinion of that day, the Legislature passed a statute granting a trial by jury, in the courts of this State, to persons charged as being fugitives from service. Afterwards, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Prigg *versus* the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, decided that all State laws, even though subordinate to the Federal enactments, and favorable to the extradition of fugitives, were inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, and therefore void; and so this statute of our State, which granted a trial by jury, became ineffective. It has been universally held to be obsolete by all our commentators and all our public authorities, although now improperly classed among what are technically called "Personal Liberty laws," and made occasion for exciting jealousies and discontents. I therefore recommend its repeal.

In this connection, and while disavowing any disposition to interfere with what exclusively pertains to the individual States, and in a spirit of fraternal kindness, I would respectfully invite all those States which have upon their statute books any laws of this character, conflicting with the Federal Constitution, to repeal them at the earliest opportunity; not upon condition that a more equitable Fugitive Slave law be passed, nor upon any other conditions, but for relying for the proper modification of this enactment upon the justice and wisdom of the Federal authorities. Let the free States fulfil all the obligations of the Federal Constitution and laws; then, with propriety, they may exact like obedience from all the other States.

That the President and Vice-President elect, though constitutionally chosen, were unacceptable to a portion of the South, was the cause first avowed for secession. This ground, however, proving untenable as soon as assumed, the agitators fell back upon other alleged grievances and renewed their complaints, with a view to exasperate and alarm the people of those States with idle and painful fears.

Every one knows, or may know, that the newly elected President and Vice-President not only can have no motive nor desire to do any injury to the complaining States, but that they will have no power to exercise for such a purpose.

The Senate of the United States is now controlled by the same political majority which has controlled it for the last two Presidential terms; the House of Representatives, already chosen for half the term for which the President and Vice-President are elected, are of the same majority as the Senate; and the Supreme Court is practically the same as it has been for nearly a quarter of a century, and all the constitutional guaranties are in force now as heretofore against executive usurpations or sectional interference.

While the question of slavery, throughout all history, has been a subject of debate, the record of the past will show that the people of the free States have remained content with the disposition of the subject made by the Constitution and Federal laws, and have refrained from any political agitation of it, until attempts were persistently made to extend the institution into the national domain, with a view, as we have seen, to increase the number of the slaveholding States. The alternative was now forced upon the Northern States, either of a ceaseless agitation of the subject of slavery, with a view to its removal, even from the slaveholding States themselves, or else of resisting its introduction into the public domain through the intervention of the Federal government. They chose the latter, and have on all occasions proclaimed, and in the most solemn manner pledged to slave States, the entire, absolute, and unquestioned control, regulation, management, and disposition of slavery, within their own borders. This is the position of the free States to-day, as it always has been; and the convictions and sentiments of the whole people, save those of a mere fraction, are in harmony with it.

Angered by private griefs, or at what they have deemed an unjust Fugitive Slave act, a few inconsiderate persons of Northern States have made either actual or seeming aggressions upon the rights of the people of the slaveholding States. This, of course, has been met by the people of the latter in a temper and spirit hostile and retaliatory, as might have been expected. Vindictive laws have been passed by them, and peaceable and unoffending citizens, of Northern birth, have been degraded or banished by Southern communities and authorities.

What is specially wanted, both at the North and at the South, is not only a cessation of hostile words and acts, but a complete restoration of all those amicable and fraternal relations which formerly existed in every portion of the Confederacy, and without which the Union ceases to confer its highest advantages.

No apprehension, however, need be entertained that the people of this law-abiding State would in any case suffer their authorities or agents in the State or Federal government to invade or impair any constitutional right or privilege of the slave States; on the contrary, they stand always as ready to guarantee those rights as to defend their own; and I think it would be well for the Legislature to give such new and solemn utterances to these convictions as shall afford to the people of all the Southern States the assurance that all their rights, under the Constitution and the laws are recognized, and will, on the part of the people of this State, be respected and maintained inviolate.

I fully believe that if justice and moderation shall mark the conduct of the loyal States, we

construction of the rendition and representation clauses of the Constitution.

4. Resolved, That the present distress is a judgment of God, not only upon our other sins, but also and especially upon the sin of slavery; and that this people should immediately break off their sins by repentance, and daily seek forgiveness of the same.

5. Resolved, That, viewed in connection with the charges and implications contained in his late message, the President's proclamation of a Fast, although verbally pious, is an act of hypocrisy and spiritual usurpation in the highest degree insulting and detestable; being nothing short of a Bull of Excommunication against political adversaries, and that, under the circumstances, we must wholly decline to comply with the President's request.

(A true copy). CHARLES BEECHER, Pastor.

ACTION OF A CONNECTICUT CHURCH.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Congregational Church in Jewett City, Conn., at the public services of Fast Day:

1. Resolved, That this Church and congregation, assembled on the 4th day, of January, 1861, according to the Proclamation of the President of the nation, and also of the Governor of this State, to keep a season of fasting and prayer on account of the distress of the nation, deem it proper, while humbling themselves before God, to put on record their judgment of the exigency that has called for such a proclamation.

2. Resolved, That we deem it owing, under God, solely to the existence and audacity of slavery; and we hold it to be the manifest and imperative duty of the President of the United States, in this exigency, as "the minister of God, who beareth not the sword in vain," promptly to enforce the laws, and to put down the rebellion and treason, which have been plotted and perpetrated in South Carolina, by the use (if need be) of all the disposable force of the army and navy of the United States.

3. Resolved, That we further declare our deliberate opinion that all the Christian people of the country should, and that an overwhelming majority of them will patriotically sustain the 'President in such a decisive suppression of the rankest treason and rebellion.

4. Resolved, That we declare, finally, that if, as being the Executive Head, and expressing the collective sovereignty of a great nation, the President does not do this, but allows a treacherous conspiracy of rebels to have its way, it is due at once, both to the safety and dignity of such a people, that he be forthwith impeached at the bar of the Senate of the United States.

A true copy. Attested, HENRY T. CHEEVER, Pastor.

THE BIBLE AND INFIDELITY.

[Extract from H. W. Beecher's Fast Sermon.]

THE most grievous charge has yet to be made upon the North. So far have we been delinquent in the trust that the providence of God committed to us, that the very centre of all our hope and expectation for humanity has been corrupted; the very fountain out of which the first drops flowed, as from the heart of Christ, that were to cleanse men from oppression, and to make the world free — from the very centre of religion has been extracted in our day and in our North very largely the whole spirit of humanity which breathes freedom. It ill becomes members of a profession to rail against each other, and I have no railing accusations to bring against any; I forget my profession and stand as a man among men to lift up my voice, and with all my heart and soul, against any man that is ordained to preach out of Christ's doctrine the doctrine of human bondage. I say that when the Bible is opened that all the friends of hell may, as in a covered passage, walk through it to do their works of mischief upon this earth, Blessed be infidels! Where men take the Bible to teach me to disown childhood; where men take the Bible to teach me that it is lawful to buy and sell men; where the Bible is held as the sacred document and constitutional guarantee of a system which makes it an impossibility that a man should go up upon the path of development; where a man stands in the way, and says, "You are good for me in proportion as you are able to use the spade, and I forbid you to read because you would not be marketable where men, women and children are legal tenders;" where a man takes the Bible and places it in the path where men are attempting to walk from Calvary up to the gate of heaven—I declare I will do by the Bible as Christ did by the temple; I'll take a whip of cords, and I'll drive out of it first, if I can, every man that buys and sells men, women and children, and if I cannot do that, I'll let the Bible go as God let the temple go, to the desolating armies of its adversaries. The minister who preaches slavery out of the Bible is the father of every infidel in the community.

[Here, sudden and unexpected as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, burst out a spontaneous and most wonderful roll of applause, showing that Mr. Beecher's audience fully understood how to "point the moral" which he had enunciated. Never did sentiment receive a more natural and hearty indorsement.]

Infidels, continued Mr. Beecher, are among the most intelligent people in the world. I'll pick out nineteen out of twenty democrats in Germany who are infidels, not because they do not believe in the Bible, but because the kings and the priests have built up the whole fabric of despotism on the Bible; and when they attempt to oppress the people, they stop their mouths by sticking the leaves of the Bible in them. They hate the Bible because it is made the bulwark of oppression. In any community where a minister finds arguments in it for slavery, there will be an inquisition that will redeem the Bible from such an abominable prostitution as that, or else the Bible will be kicked from under the feet of men, and it ought to be. "I came to open the prison doors," said Christ, and that is the text on which men justify shutting and locking them up. "I came to loose those that are bound," and that is the text out of which they spin cords to bind men, women, and children. "I came to carry light to those that sit in darkness, and deliverance to the oppressed"; and that is the book they use, with amazing ingenuity, and all the infernal meshes and snares by which to keep men in bondage. It is pitiful.

A good hunter scorns a pigeon-roost. There is neither sport nor evidence of skill in firing at one. He prefers to find the reward of his skill and ingenuity in the open field, and would consider it shocking if he should catch a companion at such unsportsman-like work. But bad as this may be, there is something worse and more uncongenial to a man of brains. To seriously answer the sermons which certain Doctors of Divinity preach, proving the correctness of slavery out of the Bible—why, it would be butchery to notice them, and I'd as lief fire into a pigeon-roost as at them (great cachinnation, delight on the part of Mr. Beecher's friends, and evidences of "uncomfortable sensation" on the part of Van Dyke's friends—he being an exponent of the roosters on the pigeon-roost). What is the history of the Bible? Wherever it has been free and open to the people, there has been the largest liberty, the most perfect wisdom, a hatred of tyranny, and an indomitable yeomanry. When it has been knocked from the hands of kings and priests, who would have prostituted it, it has killed absolutism, has built up freedom, and will do it again! (Applause.) No, no, the Bible does not countenance this great evil. But men are here who say so; but like other men who, desiring to make a big leap, go a long way back, and then run forward—so they run clear back to the twilight of creation, and run all the way up to the Christian era for a start; but, wasting their strength, stumble before they make the desired point.

TERRIBLE APPREHENSIONS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Monday, Dec. 24, 1860.

THIS is the night fixed upon for the insurrection among the negroes. The alarming accounts concerning the extent of the plot among the slaves in this vicinity, brought to light by the investigations at Pine Level, have created a good deal of excitement in the community, together with extraordinary precautions. Although to-night the city is under strong military guard, at the same time, police, patrolmen and mounted rangers are on every side watching the slightest movements on the part of the negroes. During the day all the negro cabins were visited and examined by members of the vigilance committee; still a single unusual cry in the streets to-night would cause many an unconscious dreamer to start trembling from his sleep.

Sitting here in the quiet of night, I have some dim conception of what must be that frenzy of terror which the near prospect of an uprising among the blacks would produce—the mere suspicion that this race, so singularly separated by color, but so fearfully inwoven in the life of every family—these foes at the hearth-stone, have felt out the motives and weapons of war. It is true, this is a calamity not generally feared, and nothing is looked upon as so clearly revealing the ignorance of the Northern press on the whole subject of slavery, as the occasional suggestion of this contingency. On such opinions, the position of the city to-night is a sufficient comment! The truth is, that wherever there is a strong and watchful body of whites, there is no fear of an uprising among the slaves; here absolute security stops. In a city there is little danger of an insurrection; but nearly all the insurrections which take place in the country, have their origin in the cities; and should the military companies—which now embody nearly all the young men, be called away, what would be the securities of the towns? I am unable to say. The securities of the country are still less. I have been in sections—and they are numerous—where, in an area of six square miles, the death of five men would leave several hundred slaves without a single opponent, and this, too, among a class of slaves restrained by none of the ties of affection which grow up on both sides where their duties, as in cases of house servants, bring them in personal association with the family of the master. The only ground of security, in cases like this, is to cut off all opportunities of congregation and concert, and here lies the burden of the overseer's responsibility—a responsibility that knows no relaxation. There are multitudes of cases on the large plantations, where these men do not take off their clothes to go to bed for months, but sleep dressed, with arms at hand, ready at all hours to visit the cabins, and see that no slave is absent. Under such guardianship, with no prompters, there is little danger. On smaller plantations, where such precautions are impossible, the chief security is the patrol; here it is perfectly well known the slaves pass their nights in the woods or in the cabins of neighboring plantations, being careful only to be back before daybreak, and to avoid the whip of the patrol. I dwell on these things, because, in the madness of the moment, no section speaks more loudly for war than those where the withdrawal of a score of men would leave half a township (if we had such divisions) without protectors. It appears from the development of the plot at Pine Level, that the insurrectionists had gone so far as to divide the anticipated booty, and some had already bartered off their right to mules, etc. There was the usual number of cases of misapplied confidences, etc.; thus a widow, living in the vicinity, on being asked if she was not afraid, replied that, in case of danger, she had only to tell her coachman to lie before the door, and she would be safe. The coachman, as you have anticipated, was found to be a ringleader. But enough of insurrections.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF DISUNION.

THAT we are in the midst of a Revolution is now plain enough to all beholders. It is but the inevitable result of the conditions and the passions of the country, and has been foreseen and predicted by the Abolitionists for long years past. These last have the credit accorded to them by the South of having been the means of bringing it about. It is a credit to which they are in a certain sense entitled. They have helped to hasten the crisis by their persistent statements of the nature of slavery and of the manner in which it affected the interests of white men as well as of black men, and by the enlightened intelligence on the subject which they have been the means of diffusing among all classes at the North. But they are no more the *cause* of the Revolution than the philosophers and Encyclopedists of France were of the Revolution of 1789. The cause of this Revolution, as of that, is to be looked for in the horrible abuses and oppressions and corruptions of the reigning class which have excited it, and not in the words or actions of those who have only compelled the public mind to contemplate them. They may have hastened it—we presume no one will deny that they have—but it must have come if Garrison had never lived, nor an Anti-Slavery Society been gathered. The slaveholders and their Northern creatures do us honor overmuch when they attribute the present condition of the country to our doings, mainly. It is their own that have made it inevitable at some time, and which have precipitated it upon this present.

The present fever in the nation, and which we trust will not end until it has sloughed off the peccant part, springs from the vain attempt to mix together elements which are inherently immiscible. Ebullition, if not explosion, is the inevitable result of any such experiment, whether in chemistry or in politics. The endurance of the Union until this time is merely owing to the submission of the stronger party to the weaker, of the better to the worse. This had to be in a Union made up of natural and irreconcilable enemies. The weaker party must either govern the stronger, or it must refuse to act with it. And this by the necessity of the case, and not from any peculiar political depravity of the South. The South has always felt its weakness in the presence of the North. Every census revealed that itself was going on from weakness to weakness, while its rival was striding on from strength to strength. By the marvellous Machiavelism of the Constitution they had possessed themselves, by menaces and cunning, of the political advantages which have hitherto given them all the branches of the government and at this moment give them both the legislative ones and the judiciary. It is not because they fear anything that Abraham Lincoln can do to damage them that they are making their present Revolutionary demonstrations. But they see, in the change in the public sentiment of the North that has occasioned his election, a symptom fatal to the permanence of their cherished institution. When Republicans have been saying that what was necessary to abolish slavery was to get a President who would stop its spreading any farther, and it would die of itself in due time, it is not likely that slaveholders have been slow in coming to the same conclusion. The extremists of the Slave party see, or think they see, that the only safety for slavery lies in cutting loose from the half of the country where its divinity is denied. The more moderate fall in with the current, partly through intimidation, and partly with the expectation of reconstructing the Union on terms which shall make the Slave Power forever predominant in it.

The first class are now in full career in South Carolina, and promise soon to be so in all the Cotton States. The leaders there desire no reconstruction of the Union. They are, for the most part, men with no stake in their communities, most of them landless and negroless adventurers, who look to acquire power and consequence by Revolution which they could not hope for in quiet times, and to pocket a handsome share of the loans which they are forcing out of the reluctant pockets of the men who really have something to lose. These men mean to have free trade in slaves at least, and to break down the monopoly which the rich men hold, by virtue of their wealth, of those cotton-producing machines. They are in earnest in their movement, and if they cannot carry it through now by the aid of a traitor in the White House and others in the War Department and the Treasury, who have been arming them at the expense of the Nation, and stripping the Treasury by theft and villany, it must be because they have not the force or the wit to improve their opportunities. These men do not want concession from the North. They say that they care nothing about Personal Liberty bills, and even admit their constitutionality, and that they look on the Territorial question as a matter of minor importance. It is the moral disapprobation of slavery at the North of which they complain, and on which they rest the necessity of separation. The other party, existing chiefly in the Border States, go into the movement as a political *dodge*, which will give them an advantage in negotiating for the reedification of the Constitution. For success in this plan they rely on the chronic doughfaceism of the North, and on the well known leanings towards their side of the wealthier classes generally, and of those in the great cities particularly.

Now, suppose the North should be willing to enter into treaty with the South, after this last had broken up the copartnership, for an act perfectly in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the indenture, what security could she offer that would be satisfactory to her treacherous partner? Protection from Congressional interference with slavery in the States, the permission to take their slaves where they pleased within the free States, an even more rigid Fugitive Slave law, and a free admission to all Territories, present and future, for slavery. This is about all that is asked now; and it hardly seems necessary to resort to revolution to obtain these things, when the Supreme Court is ready to adjudge them all in their favor, as fast as the questions can be raised. But there is something behind these demands which they hold must be implied in the granting of them. "Why cannot you join with us in settling this trouble?" said Senator Wigfall to a Northern Senator. "We are ready," was the reply, "to do anything consistent with honor and self-respect. What do you ask us to do?" "Why, to put down your d—d free speech and free press, to be sure!" This is a fact, and it was said in entire seriousness and good faith. And it was a rational demand, too, for this is the only cure of the mischiefs complained of. We hardly think that the North will be willing to resign these unconsidered trifles, just yet, for the comfort and quiet of slavery—notwithstanding the encouragement the slaveholders may have derived from the recent demonstrations at Boston in that direction. But, unless free speech and a free press can be utterly suppressed and abolished, what advantage would the South gain by all these guaranties? They would only make the agitation of the slavery question ten times more intense, which would find expression in a multitude of legal and legislative vexations. And, more than this; it would strengthen and multiply the attacks upon slavery outside of law, raising up John Browns and Montgomerys by battalions, where they now come but single spies.

That the abolition of slavery will be hastened by this Disunion movement, whatever shape it may finally take, we have full faith to believe. If the Border States remain in the Union, after the secession of the Cotton States, slavery must soon be abolished in them through the diminished value of their slaves by the opening of the slave trade. This last atrocity will necessarily tend to avenge itself by the growing disproportion between the whites and blacks which will make successful insurrection only a question of time. And there is yet another consequence which must follow at any rate, which may have a most material influence on the fortunes of slavery. The present disturbance of the cotton trade will affect the interests of the English manufacturers most sensibly. Still more the short crop of the next year, which is a mathematical certainty, even in the most favorable turn of affairs. The South is bankrupt. She has scarcely food enough to keep herself and her slaves till the next harvest. She has no money with which to supply herself from the granaries of the West. She must lay down a large proportion of her cotton land, the next season, to corn, for the salvation of her life and the lives of her human and other cattle. This must reduce the cotton crop of 1861 most materially. Speculators are now buying up and storing cotton, in the faith that it will be worth from 25 to 40 cents a pound within a twelvemonth. This must bring loss on all the English manufacturers, and ruin upon many. The necessity of providing other fields than ours for the supply of the food of the English mills will be forced on the minds, not only of the manufacturers, but of the government. Already, a very considerable quantity is brought from the west of Africa, India, and elsewhere, by private enterprise alone. Let the government undertake to stimulate this production by bounties and otherwise in the East and West Indies and on the coast of Africa, and within five years the English market may be made independent of our plantations. Let this be done, and the price of cotton permanently reduced below the point of remuneration, and South Carolina herself will take the lead in abolishing slavery, as she now has in abolishing the Union. In one way or another, by foreign war, by domestic insurrection, by the glut of cotton in the markets of the world consequent upon the lack of next year, the wrath of man will be made to praise God in opening an unwitting way for the Exodus of the bondman.

PANIC AND DISTRESS AT THE SOUTH.

THE slaveholders, when they inaugurated their schemes of secession and revolution, expected that the people of the North would be speedily overwhelmed by pecuniary disasters, and brought thereby to humble themselves at the footstool of King Cotton. In their madness and folly, they seem not to have considered that a panic in commercial and business affairs must necessarily, for very obvious reasons, operate far more directly and disastrously upon the South than upon the North, and that, consequently, in their zeal to humiliate the latter, they were only plucking down an avalanche upon their own heads. The North has, indeed, seriously felt, as she deserved to feel, the consequences of the sudden disturbance in the money market, and the channels of business; but her sufferings are light in comparison with those of the South. Some of the evidences of this we present below.

The Albany *Evening Journal*, of a recent date, says:

"It is beginning to leak out now, through private but reliable information, that merchants and other men of property *are compelled by threats of personal violence to become subscribers to the State loan.* Some who were told that unless they paid $1,000 each their houses would be torn down over their heads, have paid it, and then fled for their own safety and that of their families, to cities further north. It is also reported, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the report, that *a tax has been privately levied on slaveholders, of $16 per head for each slave* owned by them—a tax so onerous that, in some cases, the slaves will be confiscated and sold in order to meet it. Of course all this is kept carefully out of the published news and official proceedings. Those 'Secret Sessions' which the Convention is daily holding doubtless take cognizance of these and similar matters. It shows to what straits the secessionists have already reduced themselves, and how they are sowing the seeds of discontent among their own adherents."

This statement is confirmed, in part, by the Washington correspondent of *The Times*, who writes:

"I learn from Charleston that the proposed State loan of $400,000 is already parcelled out among the wealthiest men of the State, mainly in Charleston, and that each one is expected to furnish his share, under the penalty of being considered *disaffected*. It will be a *forced* loan as thoroughly as was ever any loan during the French revolution, or during the chronic revolutions of Mexico. The truth is, the secession movement is in the hands of the *mob*, and the planters, merchants and other men of substance are powerless against them."

A later despatch to the same paper says:

"A gentleman arrived this evening from Charleston, in company with Com. Shubrick. Both say the panic which prevails there is unparalleled. There is a great lack of food; business is prostrated; the people are idle, and patrols are wandering up and down to preserve order."

A despatch from Washington to *The Tribune* of Wednesday confirms the foregoing statements:

"Private letters from the best sources in Charleston, dated on Saturday, express the gravest distrust as to events, and fear that blood may flow at any moment. Many of the families are removing from the city, under these apprehensions. The most sagacious leaders have lost their power, and are at the mercy of an excited and exacting populace."

A correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"It is a fact, undeniable, that starvation and danger from mobs of the poor whites, and insurrection from the slaves, are daily staring them in the face. Many are sending their families to the North, and many more would do the same if they had the money. A resident of South Carolina, who owns over 100 slaves, writes to a friend that he has been taxed $16 on each of his slaves, and that it will ruin him to pay it—and some of his neighbors have had their slaves confiscated because unable to pay the tax—that there is no more business done in his town at mid-day than there is at 12 o'clock at night; that they have *war, famine* and *pestilence*. They have only twenty days' provisions, and that was obtained from Tennessee, and is not yet paid for, and can get no more without the money. Another young man writes that he is now out of business; thinks he will come North, that no respectable man can live there unless he falls in with the mob and takes mob fare."

The Tribune has the following editorial paragraph:

"We learn, through a private letter from a perfectly responsible source in Charleston, that the other day a body of twenty Minute Men from the country entered a large private house in that city and demanded dinner. A dinner was given them, and then they demanded ten dollars each, saying that they had not come to Charleston for nothing; and the money was furnished also. Another fact of still greater significance has come to our knowledge. Governor Pickens has written to an officer of high rank in the United States army, a native of South Carolina, who is loyal to the stars and stripes, requesting him to come to Charleston and protect them from the mob. The officer has declined, saying that he can serve his country elsewhere, and that he does not wish to have any part in the proceedings now going forward in that State."

The Philadelphia *Press* has an interesting letter written by a leading citizen of Charleston to a citizen of Philadelphia. We give some extracts:

"You ask me for my candid opinion of our condition, and I will venture to give it to you. I could not publicly utter the sentiments of this letter without risking my life. The leaders of the Convention, like their prototypes of the French revolution, are beginning to be terrified at the fruits of the seed they have sown; but, as yet, the time for reaction is not here. The people have been infuriated through the efforts of the politicians, and now, like a Parisian mob, are pushing their captains and lieutenants into the very midst of the danger. It makes my heart bleed to hear our glorious Union assailed as I do every moment, and see the Palmetto flag floating from fortresses built by the money of the whole people, shortly, too, it is probable, to be turned against their government. What may bring these men to their senses is, the tax system they have adopted. When a *per capita* sum is levied upon negro slaves, those who begin and have driven forward this miserable business will feel, in their own purses, that which is now afflicting men in my situation. They will be brought to their senses; for it stands to reason that we can no more maintain a permanent military force without immense and burdensome taxation than we can eat our own cotton, or trade with Europe with Uncle Sam's fleet in our harbor.

"The late stiffening of the President, and his evident determination to support Anderson, has created undoubted alarm in the camp of the leaders of the Convention. I want no war, for no man would suffer more, or could afford to suffer less than he who pens these lines; but it is clear that unless the Federal government shows its teeth, and tells these men that it will enforce the laws made in pursuance of the Constitution, they will go on until they wrap the whole of the Gulf States in a general conflagration.

"I forbear describing what our condition in South Carolina will then be. How would they get on in Georgia, with a minority inside party in favor of the Union, suspected by the majority, and all their movements watched, not to speak of the other horrible reflections that the negroes themselves may catch the alarm, and that thousands heretofore dependent upon the North for supplies of produce, pork, beef, etc., will be unable to get these necessaries of life? It is my daily prayer, however, that as the storm approaches, and seems to be inevitable, some good man in the Republican party will rise up in his place in Congress, and, at the risk of losing his political position, offer such concessions as will enable us to live on happily and peacefully for years together. I can assure you that if this is done, many who favored secession at the start, but who now see that it is likely to end in a general wreck, will be too glad to escape, and will join with me in thanks to God that we have been rescued from indescribable horrors."

We find the following letter, said to be "from a large landholder and planter in Mississippi," in the money article of *The New York Herald*, and the writer of that article very justly remarks that it "deserves careful perusal":

"——— COUNTY, Miss., Dec. 25, 1860.

"I have been through several Counties in this State, and some of the northern Counties in Alabama, and I have no hesitation in saying that *the men of property in both States are unanimously opposed to the secession movement.* It is got up and engineered by the politicians and poor whites; *the slaveholders are compelled to fall in with it for fear of having their property confiscated.* The largest slaveowner in this State was warned, the other day, that if he gave vent to his Union sentiment, he would *be lynched and his property confiscated.* He took the hint and left the State. It is so in every County, and also in Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia. The interest of the owners of slaves, and property of every kind, makes them friends of the Union; but in the present state of feeling in these States, they cannot declare themselves without running more risk than they care to encounter. The hope of us slaveholders is, that the government will at last do something to check the present revolutionary tide, *so as to give us a chance to organize a reactionary party without endangering ourselves, our cotton, or our necks. If people here felt certain that the United States government would fight vigorously, a submissionist party would soon make itself heard.* It is the belief that Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet are on the side of secession, and that no resistance is to be feared, which gives courage to the enemies of the Union. I have very little hope, myself, in the future. We are now paying such prices for corn and provisions, that cotton planting is a losing business. If I could sell my slaves I would go North; but I could not sell now without losing sixty per cent., at least, on their cost. So I must swim with the tide, and bear what fortune brings along."

A merchant in this city, who recently received a letter from a wealthy planter in Alabama, has furnished *The Times* with the following extract:

"ALABAMA, Monday Dec. 24, 1860.

* * * "As to ourselves, Union men, we dare not utter a word—though I do; and have been repeatedly told that 'nothing but my gray head saves me.' Life is worth nothing, and I can only compare our situation to the reign of terror of the first French revolution. My wife and children are almost crazy from fright at the hourly prospect of a negro rising, which some of the *executed men* (negroes and white) have confessed would take place about Christmas. If we could get our families to the North, we would do it; but even this movement would excite suspicion. And now to our imbecile government. Speaking as they do of wishing to avoid bloodshed; why, *there is not bread enough here to last sixty days*, and the shortest way to put a stop to all our sufferings would be, to *block up the ports, and break up the mail communication*, which would stop the supply of bread and salt, and then *the very leaders of this secession movement would be fried in their own fat.*"

The following is an extract of a letter from Montgomery, Alabama, Dec. 24, published in *The Herald*:

"I notice that your journals speak of the *stagnation* of business in your city. The word may do very well for you, but we need a noun of more forcible import. Seek out for *us* a word which expresses most strongly, not declination, but death, annihilation—a word which tells of laborers without work, (for we have some laborers), stores without customers, banks without deposits, a whole people living on credit. The time for festivities has come, but there are no festivities. There is no social life. There is no business life. Real estate is falling every hour, plans are withdrawn from the hands of builders, orders for goods countermanded, even poor sewing women find themselves without work, because the ladies say they must try to do for themselves what they cannot do without. Everywhere there is an air of seriousness, if not of gloom. These are not discoveries of mine, made up from rare exceptions, but the common topics of street chats and evening calls. In some parts of the country there promises to be positive suffering."

The same paper has a despatch from Washington, which says:

"We have reports from Charleston by travellers which indicate the existence of much distress there. The troops who have volunteered and presented themselves for service are camped in unhealthy locations, and, in consequence of rain, swamps and miasma, are suffering from disease. No vessels loading, no business doing, women weeping, and men overcome by sickness, and the city in the hands of a mob, is the bulletin travellers present of the condition of things at the present time in Charleston."

The Times has a letter from Georgia, from which this is an extract:

"Many of the wealthier planters, bank men and merchants fear that if the Convention does not determine upon immediate secession, the fiery spirits of this and neighboring States, who have but little to lose, and who are panting for a big excitement, *would attempt a revolution and involve the State in a bloody civil war.* And there is much reason to fear such a result. It is commonly said that there is a secret society called the 'Choctaws,' numbering 25,000 men, who are sworn to secession or revolution, and that they are commanded by Col. Walker, who recently resigned his commission in the army. Some of the class of substantial citizens are thus inclined to go with the Secessionists, or rather *not to oppose them, in order to avert the destruction of their property.* In conversing with some of the planters I have seen them tremble in every limb at the prospect before them."

In a letter, says *The Herald*, received by a gentleman in this city from a lady stopping at Wetumpka, Alabama, the following allusion is made to the excitement exhibited in that section of the country:

"One would not think from what I write that we are sporting like butterflies on the brink of ruin, yet we are in jeopardy every day, and every man dances even with a pistol in his belt and a bowie knife in his bosom—the man of peace as well as the desperado. You scarcely see a woman that has not learned to shoot. Everywhere the insurrectionary movement is going on, and men look forward with fearful apprehensions. I fancied when in New York we heard exaggerated accounts of the excitement here, but it is beyond even my wildest conjecture. Men seem drunk with passion, and women share their frenzy. Disunion, disunion is the watchword everywhere; without bloodshed, peaceably, if possible; if not, with bloodshed and ruin as its attendants. All men cease to speak of cementing the bond; they are now seeking the most peaceable and best way of sundering it. This feeling is gaining strength every day. I speak advisedly when I say it. It was commenced on board the steamer, and everywhere it grew wilder and wilder as I came through Georgia and Alabama. At Savannah, a crowd upon the wharf recalled what I had read of the mad populace in France during its awful revolution. The hand of Providence seems to be over us still, for the insurrectionary plans have all been discovered before their terrible consummation, and it is singular that they are invariably headed by white men."

An Alabama letter writer, alluding to the secession of the Gulf States, says:

"The first four of these States are deeply in debt, and without money or provisions. There are not provisions in those States to keep their people from starvation for four months, and no money, no arms, munitions of war, and no organized military force; their only hope is, that the general government will not interfere to force them into submission."

A Kentucky writer says:

"In the meanwhile, starvation throughout the Southern cities, starvation in Alabama, starvation in South Carolina, starvation in Mississippi, and even starvation in Kentucky, is threatened. I have in my hand a letter from a Democrat living in Lexington, who says: 'Times are so hard here, that I am compelled to economize so as to live.' The cry that 'cotton is king' is well enough, but cotton cannot buy bacon and grain to feed the slaves. This must be procured with bullion, with gold and silver."

The following is an extract of a letter from Macon, Georgia, in *The Tribune*:

"And now, with the words of a well-known and leading politician of the most rabid disunion *professions*, I will close a letter already too long. It will not be advisable to publish the name of the speaker, for such a movement might make him more cautious in future, and deprive the world of much valuable wisdom. He was talking to brother politicians, and not at all for buncombe, and this was nearly what he said:

"'By —— I tell you, we're in a hobble. When we began this fight, I didn't think, nor you didn't think, that we should ever get where we have got. We didn't push things hard enough when the Abolitionists began to squeal; if we had, we should have had our own way: what with the way we've hung fire down here, and the mess those damned fools have made of things at Washington, the Line-mites have had time to look about them, and now they've got their backs up. I tell you we've got to look this thing steadily in the face. We've either got to back out, or we've got to fight, and it's about as hard to do one as the other. If they had said, or we had believed, that there was any pluck in the damned Abolitionists, we should have called their hand before this time.' One of his interlocutors said that if they must fight, why, fight they would. 'Yes,' returned the first speaker, 'it is all very well to say that, when you are where it will be appreciated; but the question now is, How are we to raise the money to fight with? Perhaps you'll put your hand in your pocket, and pull out a million or two of dollars.' This savage dig broke up the conference."

The following paragraph from the Springfield *Republican* shows what are the impressions of the Southern people as to the state of affairs at the North:

"An agent of one of those Southern States which is now talking about forsaking the Union, who was in this vicinity recently to purchase arms, expressed the utmost astonishment at the indifference of the people here to the crisis that is upon the country. He said they did not seem to know that the Union is falling to pieces, or to care whether that is the fact or not. He left the people of his own State in a frightful excitement and turmoil, and expected to find some corresponding feeling at the North. He was not even certain that it would be quite safe to let his errand be known, and was very cautious and stealthy in making his inquiries at first, and very careful to whom he introduced the subject. But when he found Northern men perfectly cool, and as ready to sell guns and powder as anything else, and that nobody seemed alarmed or apprehensive of war or any other great calamity, he was completely taken aback. He was not long in finding out that the state of Northern feeling had been wholly misunderstood in his section, and that neither malice nor fear towards the South had any place in the hearts of the Northern people. If he has honesty and influence enough to bring the people of his State to see the facts as they are, and as he confessed that he had found them, much to his surprise, his experiences will do his State better service than any number of Massachusetts guns—though they are a good article in an emergency when blood-letting is the last resort."

THE LIBERATOR.

THE "Old Pioneer" of the Anti-Slavery Movement entered upon its fourth Decade at the beginning of the present year. What a tide of thought and emotion rushes in upon us as we revert to the day (how vividly remembered!), Jan. 1, 1831, when Mr. Garrison,

"From a small chamber, friendless and unseen,"

sent forth the first number of *The Liberator*, startling the nation by his bold denunciations of slavery as a sin, and his demand for the immediate emancipation of its unfortunate victims. How enduring the impression made upon us by the inspiring words in which he pledged and justified the consecration of his life to the cause of emancipation, vindicated his principles and his mode of attacking slavery, and gave the reasons for setting up the standard of Liberty in New England rather than in Washington, where he at first proposed to establish his paper:

"During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States—and particularly in New England—than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among slave owners themselves. Of course, there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill, and in the birthplace of liberty. That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe; yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free! Let Southern oppressors tremble; let their secret abettors tremble; let their Northern apologists tremble; let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

"Assenting to the 'self-evident truths' maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park Street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren, the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice and absurdity. A similar recantation, from my pen, was published in the 'Genius of Universal Emancipation,' at Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

"I am aware, that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man, whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present! I am in earnest. I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—*and I will be heard.* The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

"It is pretended, that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. The charge is not true. On this question, my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and *posterity will bear testimony that I was right.* I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

> "Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
> And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
> But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
> For dread to prouder feelings doth give place,
> Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
> Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
> I also kneel—but with far other vow
> Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:
> I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
> Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
> Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
> Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
> Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
> Such is the vow I take, so help me, God!"

Thus, as Lowell happily says, was

> "One straight-forward conscience put in pawn
> To win a world."

Men of "shifts and wiles" could not appreciate such a reformer, and, in their blindness and folly, they called him "fanatic" and "incendiary"; but does not the history of the last thirty years afford a sufficient vindication of his principles and methods? Contrast the almost universal indifference to the wrongs of the slaves, and the utter silence of the press and the people in regard to the manifold crimes and evils of slavery, that marked the beginning of 1831, with the all-absorbing and healthful excitement that fills the land at the present hour, and which the arts of politicians and the frowns of recreant priests are alike unable to control, and you have an illustration of the power of truth which finds no parallel save in the early progress of Christianity.

> "Oh, small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
> Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain;
> Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
> Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain."

The influence of *The Liberator* and its devoted Editor during the last thirty years, in stimulating inquiry in regard to slavery, in exposing the true character of the system, in arousing the people to a sense of their responsibility for its continuance, and in persistently setting forth the principles by which alone it is possible to remove so mighty an evil, has been of inestimable value. Let us be thankful that that influence is not diminishing, but augmenting every hour.

We do but echo the sentiment of Abolitionists everywhere when we congratulate Mr. Garrison upon his entrance on the fourth Decade of his editorial labors, surrounded by so many evidences that those labors have not been in vain, and when we express the earnest hope that he may live to witness the complete triumph of the cause to which he has been so long devoted. *The Liberator* is dear to all the friends of freedom as the paper which, in this country, first proclaimed the duty of immediate emancipation, and which, for thirty years, has never swerved a hair's breadth from the line of uncompromising justice and truth. They would like it still better, however, if a larger portion of its weekly space were filled with articles from Mr. Garrison's own pen. In such a crisis as the present, especially, they instinctively turn to him as the ablest and wisest expositor of anti-slavery principles and measures—as one preëminently fitted by the statesman-like qualities of his mind and the clearness of his moral vision to instruct and guide the nation in the way of righteousness. It is pleasant indeed to see *The Liberator* in a new typographical dress, but it would give its friends a still higher pleasure to find the Editor filling a larger place in its columns.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1861.

WITHIN a week of the election of Mr. Lincoln as President, Mr. Greeley predicted that the great contest in Congress this winter between the North and the South would be upon an attempt to restore the old Missouri line between slavery and freedom. How shrewd the prediction was, the present condition of things will show. The great controversy this day in Congress is upon the proposition of the border slave States that the old compromise, which was destroyed at the pleasure of the South, shall again be restored, and, this time, put into the Constitution, where it can never again be repealed. For the slave-masters of the border States perceive that, in the victory won by Freedom in Kansas, the last hope of slavery *north* of the old line was destroyed. Hence any proposition which would give to the South protection of slavery south of that line must be a clear gain to the peculiar institution

tion of the Southern Confederacy? I am aware that the sentiment *now* favors the enforcement of the Federal laws in those seceding States at all hazards; but I believe when a final separation takes place, the free States will accept the fact and form a glorious Republic of Freedom. Then, if war must come, let it be with the free States, united and strong, under a new government which will have no traitors in it. If, after the new Confederacy of Freedom is formed, a row cannot be avoided with the slaveholding republic, slavery will fall by the sword and the Territories be saved to freedom with the musket and field-piece. The advices from South Carolina and the other cotton States all agree that the people of those States are suffering; that they have but a limited supply of flour, corn and bacon, and, in consequence, that these necessaries of life are selling at starvation prices. If South Carolina can be shut up in her own territory by a blockade for six months, she will howl as violently for readmission into the Union as she did a month ago to go out. Already her leading men are alarmed and despondent. Let the present state of things continue for even two months, and a Union party will be found there.

Should a Compromise pass Congress, such as I have indicated, all the slave States concerned in getting it up would declare for the Union. As soon as the States ratify the Compromise—if they should do so—these border States would join the Federal government in compelling the seceding States to permit the collection of the duties, and to give up the Federal property to the general government. One by one, these States would come back into the Union, and, before the end of Mr Lincoln's administration, the States would all be reunited, and the slave-masters would rejoice over concessions to slavery, which they could never have obtained if Mr. Lincoln had not been elected. God deliver us from such a fate!

The Congressional doings, since I wrote last, have been unimportant. Senator Baker, of Oregon, has made a powerful anti-secession speech, and the chameleon Douglas has killed himself by disowning his principles and caving in to the South. His political career is played out, and henceforth he will rank among the unimportant politicians of the country. AVON.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 7, 1861.

UNION meetings are the order of the day. We have had at least half a dozen in this city in the last six weeks. They have, all but one, been more or less failures. Their counsels have been divided, their action inharmonious, and their ends equivocal. The last, however, was an exception. It was a *bona fide* demonstration of union for the preservation of the Union. It was made up of people of all political parties, and was harmoniously decisive in its expression of purpose. It differed in some respects from all previous gatherings of a similar designation. The object was, to do honor to Major Anderson for his gallant occupation of Fort Sumter, to strengthen the government in its new position of antagonism to the pro-slavery leaders, and to express the purpose that the Union must and shall be preserved. It was held in National Hall, and in the streets around the hall (for there was not room for half the multitude in the building), and is said to have been one of the most enthusiastic popular demonstrations ever witnessed in this city.

Hitherto, "Union meetings" have been held in the interest of slavery. Their object has been to protect "the peculiar institution." "Union and *slavery*, one and indivisible," has been, not the open motto, but the secret faith of those who got them up. But this on Saturday evening was an exception. It was, in no just sense of the word, an anti-slavery meeting; but as between the peculiar system and free institutions, it was overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. Old pro-slavery leaders were there, and recent anti-abolition politicians; but they were carried away by the general current, and compelled to take ground against their former coadjutors. The fact was recognized that the Union was on the point of dissolution for the benefit of slavery; that "the South" was arrayed against the government in support of their cherished institution; so the people rallied against the South in support of the government. It was the first time, to my knowledge, in the history of this controversy, that the Union was brought into antagonism with the recognized interests of slavery. In this respect the meeting marks a new epoch in the annals of our cause.

Governor Packer's message disappoints expectation. For, though it is able against secession, and strong in its vindication of Pennsylvania against the charge of unconstitutional action, it nevertheless recommends, out of consideration for Southern feeling, the repeal of the law of 1847, and advises the reënactment of the old Comity law, by which the slaveholder was allowed to bring his slaves into the State on a temporary sojourn. This last would be, in effect, to make Pennsylvania once more a slave State. A more infamous proposition, in itself considered, has not for years been made to our State Legislature. It proves Governor Packer to be utterly reckless of principle on this whole question. The only excuse that can be made for him is, that he does not mean what he says; that he does not expect his recommendation to be followed; that it is meant for a show of good will and fraternal feeling, with a view of aiding the efforts which are being made at Washington to effect an adjustment of existing difficulties; that it is so understood at Harrisburg and elsewhere in knowing circles, and that, therefore, it will do no harm. It is possible that this may be the proper interpretation, but in any view, the recommendation is infamous, and argues an entire absence of right principle. It is calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of every decent Pennsylvanian.

The project of arming the State militia, as mentioned in my last, has been arrested by advices from Washington. The conservatives there are trying to patch up a compromise, and they beg their political associates at Harrisburg to hold back awhile, lest by their action they irritate the border slave States, and thereby frustrate their efforts. So they are holding back, waiting to hear the result of these investigations. What that will be remains to be seen. That concessions—uncalled for and disgraceful—will be made, there can be but little doubt. Leading Republicans may protest and declaim against it as long and as loud as they please; enough of the party will be found, and with the party's consent to swell the vote to the requisite majority, when the pinch of the question calls for it.

Though business is dull, and the times out of joint, the people are generally in good spirits. Their blood is up, and that dispels panic. The share market shows a steady advance in prices. Whether this is the natural reaction after undue depression, or because our money men scent "adjustment" in the breeze, or the result of these and other causes combined, I need not say. Said a gentleman to a broker the other day, "How do you account for the steady rise in prices, in view of the increasing danger of the country?" "It is because," said the broker, "the apprehension of anarchy and bloodshed among ourselves has given place to the more pleasing prospect of civil and servile war at the South." I don't doubt that this is the best explanation that can be given of the increased sense of comfort and security that pervades this and other Northern communities. The impression daily gains ground, that the brunt of the present difficulty will be felt in that part of the country where its original cause has been most flagrant. The whole nation is involved in the sin of slavery, and must, therefore, share in the retributive consequences; but it will be those portions of the people and parts of the government, and sections of the country, that have been most criminal, that will suffer the most deeply. We have no claim to immunity here in the free States. The spirit of oppression is still too rife amongst us. There are men in our midst who, in heart, are the worst of slaveholders. But the spirit of repentance is undoubtedly abroad, and the people are putting away the evil of their doings. Bad as we are, the good predominates over the evil, and we would fain hope that virtue, though hard beset, will, in the end, be found in the ascendant.

The President's Fast day was observed to the full extent of its merits. Some stores were shut, and a good many churches were opened. Mr. Wadsworth, being a prophet of pleasing oratory, and a preacher of flattering doctrine, drew a large crowd of his own kind of people. He vindicated slavery from the imputation of being sinful, and charged the opponents of the system with being the guilty cause of our national difficulties. "God," he said, "had never forbidden slavery. Our sin in regard to it was in meddling with what did not concern us. We had no more to do with Southern slavery than with Russian serfdom. We bore false witness against our Southern neighbors, and it was for these things that God was bringing us into judgment." Such was the tenor of the Reverend gentleman's discourse. It was the very *thing* to suit the prejudices of his worldly-religious audience. The Rev. Dr. Ducachet, the dapper, *dilettanti* preacher of St. Stephen's, formerly of Norfolk, prophesied in a similar strain, and the Rev. Dr. Boardman held forth substantially to the same effect. There were a few whose sermons showed an understanding of our national position, such as George Duffield, Jr., of the Central Presbyterian Church; but, so far as is to be learned from the reports in the newspapers, the day was observed very much in the spirit in which it was recommended.

On the morning of the Fast day, as people went along the streets, there was to be seen posted up at corners a huge placard, bearing, in staring capitals, these words: *Is it such a fast that I have chosen? * * Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?"* The same, with one or two additional verses, was published in the morning papers. It produced an impression, and was deemed a fitting testimony for the occasion. It was done by order of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Our Legislature is at this time busy with the choice of a United States Senator to succeed Bigler. The contest is understood to be between David Wilmot of "Proviso" fame and Edgar Cowan, a new man belonging to the west of the State, who is represented to be a person of ability and character befitting the station. There seems to be a difficulty in reconciling the conflicting claims of these two gentlemen. But as Mr. Cameron is to have a place in the Cabinet, his seat in the Senate will thereby be vacated, and it is not improbable that an amicable arrangement will be made among the friends of the two contestants which will give them both the senatorial honors they so much covet. In that case, Mr. Wilmot would have to take the short term—that is, the unexpired time of Mr. Cameron—as a majority of the Legislature seem to favor Cowan as the man to succeed Bigler. M.

NORTHERN GOVERNORS.

THE portion of Gov. Morgan's message in which he treats of questions relating to slavery will be found on the first page. Our readers, we think, will assent to the opinion which we expressed last week, viz., that on the side of freedom it is tame and spiritless, while in what it says of "plans of conciliation" it affords too much reason for the fear that the Governor has taken counsel of Thurlow Weed. The law of which he recommends the repeal, having been framed upon the assumption that the State had concurrent jurisdiction with the United States in the rendition of fugitive slaves, is, if we understand the matter, entirely obsolete; so that its removal from the statute book will be of no consequence whatever, save as an indication that the State is influenced by Southern bravado.

The inaugural address of Gov. Andrew is the best that ever came from a Governor of Massachusetts—the best that has come from the Governor of any State since the Revolution. He denounces the Fugitive Slave bill, and vindicates at length the constitutionality of the Personal Liberty law of Massachusetts. We copy a single passage from the address—all that our limits will permit:

"The single question now presented to the nation is this: *Shall a reactionary spirit, unfriendly to liberty, be permitted to subvert democratic republican government organized under constitutional forms?* Upon this issue, over the heads of all mere politicians and partisans, in behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I appeal directly to the warm hearts and clear heads of the great masses of the people. The men who own and till the soil, who drive the mills, and hammer our their own iron and leather on their own anvils and lapstones, and they who, whether in the city or the country, reap the rewards of enterprising industry and skill in the varied pursuits of business, are honest, intelligent, patriotic, independent, and brave. They know that simple defeat in an election is no cause for the disruption of a government. They know that those who declare that they will not live peaceably within the Union, do not mean to live peaceably out of it. They know that the people of all sections have a right which they intend to maintain, of free access from the interior to both oceans, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and of the free use of all the lakes, and rivers, and highways of commerce, north, south, east, or west. They know that the Union means peace, and unfettered commercial intercourse from sea to sea, and from shore to shore; that it secures us all against the unfriendly presence or possible dictation of any foreign power, and commands respect for our flag and security for our trade. And they do not intend, nor will they ever consent, to be excluded from these rights which they have so long enjoyed, nor to abandon the prospect of the benefits which humanity claims for itself by means of their continued enjoyment in the future. Neither will they consent that the Continent shall be overrun by the victims of a remorseless cupidity, and the elements of civil danger increased by the barbarizing influences which accompany the African slave trade. Inspired by the same ideas and emotions which commended the fraternization of Jackson and Webster on another great occasion of public danger, the people of Massachusetts, confiding in the patriotism of their brethren in other States, accept this issue, and respond, in the words of Jackson, "*The Federal Union, it must be preserved!*"

"Until we complete the work of rolling back this wave of rebellion which threatens to engulf the government, overthrow democratic institutions, subject the people to the rule of a minority, if not of mere military despotism, and in some communities to endanger the very existence of civilized society, we cannot turn aside and we will not turn back. It is to those of our brethren in the disaffected States whose mouths are closed by a temporary reign of terror, not less than to ourselves, that we owe this labor which, with the help of Providence, it is our duty to perform.

"I need not add that whatever rights pertain to any person under the Constitution of the Union, are secure in Massachusetts, while the Union shall endure; and whatever authority or function pertains to the Federal government for the maintenance of any such right, is an authority or function which neither the government nor the people of this Commonwealth can, or would, usurp, evade, or overthrow. And Massachusetts demands, and has a right to demand, that her sister States shall likewise respect the constitutional rights of her citizens within their limits. And it is a reproach to human nature, and a breach of honor, that more of her free citizens, who happened to touch the soil of South Carolina, should have been sold into slavery under laws the assertion of the unconstitutionality of which that State punishes with a grievous penalty, than ever fugitive slaves have escaped from South Carolina to Massachusetts."

Governor Banks signalized his retirement from office in an unprecedented way, viz.: by the delivery of a long address to the Legislature, reviewing his own administration, and giving the representatives of the people such advice as he thought they needed. He recommended the repeal of the Personal Liberty law. We suspect that the presentation of this address was planned by the conservative wing of the Republican party, to forestall the influence of Gov. Andrew, and aid the project for repealing that law, and thus open the way for the Winthrops and the Hillards to come into the party. We trust, however, that Massachusetts will heed the voice not of the defunct, but of the living Governor, and refuse to take any step backward.

We refer the reader to our Philadelphia correspondence for information in regard to the message of the Governor of Pennsylvania. Our readers must bear in mind, however, that Gov. Packer is a Democrat, the newly-elected Governor (Curtin) not having been yet inaugurated.

The Governor of Ohio (Dennison), according to the telegraphic synopsis of his message, argues at some length in defence of his course in refusing the requisitions of the Governors of Kentucky and Tennessee for persons accused of aiding in the escape of fugitive slaves. He suggests the repeal of the obnoxious features of the Fugitive Slave law, and that the repeal of any Personal Liberty bills subversive of the Fugitive law would thus be secured; at the same time the Southern States should repeal their laws in contravention of the constitutional rights of citizens of free States, who cannot be satisfied with less, and who will insist upon their constitutional rights in every State and Territory in this Confederacy. These they cheerfully accord to citizens of Southern States. Determined to do no wrong, they will not contentedly submit to any wrong, and are unawed by their threats.

The Governor of Illinois says: "If unconstitutional laws touching upon the guaranteed rights of any of our sister States have found place upon our statute books, let them be removed. If prejudice and alienation toward any of our fellow-countrymen has fastened upon any minds, let it be dismissed and forgotten. Let us be just to ourselves and each other, allowing neither threats to drive us from what we deem to be our duty, nor pride of opinion prevent us from correcting wherein we may have erred." He recommends that if Illinois has passed any laws tending to obstruct the operation of Federal authority, or conflicting with the constitutional rights of others, that they at once be repealed.

The retiring Governor of Michigan, in relation to the Personal Liberty laws of that State, says, *if they are unconstitutional and in conflict with the Fugitive law*, they should be repealed; but he says these laws are right, and speak the sentiments of the people, are in strict accordance with the Constitution, and ought not to be repealed. Let them stand. This is no time for timid and vacillating counsel, while the cry of treason is ringing in our ears.

The new Governor of Maine (Washburne) recommends conciliation and forbearance, and tokens of good will towards the South, which no criminations should be allowed to interrupt, and the setting of ourselves right in whatsoever respects we may have been wrong, as the offerings which, as good men and patriots, we should lay upon the altar of our country, and in doing this we need consent to the abatement of not one jot or tittle of the principles affirmed by the people at the recent election. We will stand by the Constitution of our fathers—the Constitution as it is—and make no compromises that would involve us in the guilt of moral treason, and justly render us the scorn of mankind. The Governor devotes a paragraph to the subject of Personal Liberty bills, recommending the repeal of any statutes which may be found to be either unconstitutional or justly regarded as offensive, but quite plainly implying his conviction that Maine is not really a transgressor in this respect.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY.

THE claims of this anniversary can hardly fail, at the present hour, to be recognized. Its funds are devoted, *not* to African colonization; *not* to political partisanship; *not* to theological and metaphysical polemics; *not* to the separate education or religious instruction of persons of color; *not* to the fomenting of sectional prejudice, civil war, or bloody insurrection; *not* to the relief or redemption of individuals.

These subscriptions have always been appropriated to the work of awakening the public conscience, enlarging the popular heart, and enlightening the national mind, that, by the practical application, through legitimate channels, of the acknowledged religious and political principles of this country, slavery might be abolished and the whole land made happy and united: *not* through enforced emancipation, but by voluntary enfranchisement.

There is no longer any need of defining or describing the brutal system of slavery that, since 1789, has been demoralizing the country. A lifetime—under violence, loss, and continual annoyance—has been spent in doing *that*. The people know, *now*, that it is no distant, imaginary evil, but one that overshadows every life with danger and dishonor. While fulfilling even the simplest duty of humanity to any perishing fellow-creature who has taken refuge in the sanctuary of their own homes, their whole nature is outraged by the thought that he may be mercilessly seized as a slave, from the very hearth. They cannot protect a hunted child from a fate worse than death, without the risk of being themselves broken down for life by fine and imprisonment.

Of course, the pious refusal of free Northern populations to obey such diabolical mockeries of Constitutions and laws, with the simultaneous determination of slaveholding ones at the South never to permit their amendment, necessitates revolution. And now, no qualified observer, surveying the country, can hesitate to acknowledge the great work already done by the American Anti-Slavery Society. It has enabled the Northern populations to meet the present crisis with calm and intelligent resolution; and if the American Anti-Slavery Society had been earlier sustained, to diffuse its deep human feelings, its true counsels and accurate knowledge, more extensively, the masses of the people would betimes have been so warmly and wisely devoted to this magnificent cause, that revolution would have been purely moral, and no disturbing crisis like the present could have occurred.

But the wrong a few just and generous persons have been unable to prevent, may still, by timely coöperation with them, be retrieved.

In the very nature of things as they here exist, it will always rest with disinterested persons in private life to initiate every change for the better. Under its present cherished institutions, the country must always look beyond its Church and State dignitaries, its political and ecclesiastical servants, for the previous preparation indispensable to national progress; for how can a Governor, a Senator, a Judge, a minister of any denomination or religious society, take the lead? Every such public functionary is engaged by the people not to lead, but to serve; not to make creeds and constitutions, but to administer under them; not to make things what they should be, but to take them exactly as they are.

Hence the need of an auxiliary private, voluntary service, like that which for the last seven and twenty years the American Anti-Slavery Society has by this anniversary helped to fulfil. Its claims to popular support begin to be felt. The moral vanguard of the people, whether in a sovereign or a functionary capacity, begins to see the mistake of sending a noble official servant to reap where no generous voluntary service of good and thoughtful men has previously sowed. Let all now unite to sustain such a service—the only possible means of peaceful national progress—the only possible condition of national growth or guaranty for continued national existence.

After having for a life-time done what we could in this behalf have we not established its claim upon every thoughtful, just and noble soul? On all such we cordially and confidently rely for both moral support and pecuniary aid. *Both* will be afforded by the act of subscription to which we now invite.

We entreat our friends to remember that, however advantageous and indispensable the largest sums subscribed, none confer on us a higher obligation than the smaller one which the guest offers, regretting that it is the largest in his power.

In behalf of the Twenty-seventh National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary,

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

MOBS.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

ORDINARILY I am ready to respond a hearty amen to the utterances of Wendell Phillips I certainly rejoice in every blow he deals against slavery. Nor am I troubled if whatever institution or organization that stands in his way, even if it be the Church, comes in for a share. In fact I am, and have been for more than twenty-five years, a Garrisonian—with this difference, as I have remarked to Mr. Phillips himself, that I always deem it expedient to vote, and am ever ready to fight. But Mr. Phillips has lately made a serious mistake—has given a careless stab at reputation; I will not call it a premeditated attack.

In his speech at Music Hall, Mr. Phillips is reported to have said:

"I have known three cases of magistrates quelling mobs. One was Neal Dow, in Portland—not necessary, I think; done merely to show his courage. Any man who steps one step out of his path to prove his courage, is, of course, a coward."

Is not here a solecism of terms? He admits courage, and charges cowardice. Neal Dow a coward! His shrewdest, bitterest enemies in the place of his birth, and throughout his native State, have never so much as hinted this. In truth, nothing could be more untrue or absurd. The idea in this quarter simply excites a smile.

But what are the facts—not so much of Neal Dow's courage, for that is patent, and beyond all reasonable controversy—but in relation to his course as Mayor of Portland in quelling the famous "June riot"? As you may remember, a committee of the citizens of Portland was appointed fully to investigate the cause of the riot and all its attendant circumstances. This committee was composed of the most intelligent and influential citizens, among whom were Hon. William Willis (since Mayor), Rev. Dr. Dwight, Hon. Charles Daveis (president of the society of Cincinnati), and others, and some of whom did not sympathize with Mr. Dow in the matter of prohibition. The report of this committee was not only a full and complete justification of Mr. Dow's course in subduing the infuriated mob, but also a direct testimonial of his courage. I quote a single paragraph from the report:

"That the Mayor did not call upon an armed force too large or too soon, is apparent from the testimony. This additional force was not applied until the regular police were nearly overpowered, and an alderman fresh from the scene of action had entreated the Mayor to proceed without further delay with the auxiliary force, to preserve the property and rescue the police from imminent peril. There is no evidence of undue precipitancy *any more than there is of timidity and shrinking from duty.*"

Here is the testimony of gentlemen of the highest intelligence and integrity, having a full knowledge of all the facts before them. Ought it not to be conclusive as against the opinion of Mr. Phillips? One is, indeed, at liberty to give an opinion, in the most public manner, of the public acts of another. This right I shall be the last to question. But where the opinion seriously affects, not the judgment, nor the discretion, nor the prudence, but the moral courage of another—the loftiest attribute of man, and the most essential qualification of the present age—it then becomes us to speak with caution, and with such particular knowledge of facts as Mr. Phillips evidently did not possess when he gave utterance to the implied charge of cowardice; otherwise, he is justly liable to the suspicion of having made a wanton attack upon the reputation of a public official for the faithful discharge of a sworn duty. The former is not in accordance with the general accuracy of Mr. Phillips's averments: the latter I do not believe. Either way, the charge is a serious mistake, which, though for a time it may somewhat damage the reputation of Mr. Dow, will yet, in the end, return to plague the inventor, unless averted by a prompt and full disclaimer.

I am not disposed to defend Mr. Dow nor any other person against a just charge of want of courage. I almost worship *pluck*; and it is the more valuable in these times because of its exceeding rarity. But when a man of unwonted energy, indomitable perseverance, unwavering fidelity and unflinching courage in the promotion of one form of humanity, lightly calls in question the courage of a friend who is equally devoted to another form which, from its very nature, necessitates the highest style of the qualification thus denied, I cannot fail to remember that "great men are not *always* wise," and am led to exclaim, "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Let me add, also, that whatever, in other respects, Mr. Dow may or may not be, he is surely not a coward. C. A. S.

Portland, 27th December.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH
National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.

THE Ladies who have for so many years received the Subscriptions of their friends to the Cause, ask the favor of their company, as usual, at this time of the year, on

Wednesday, the 23d of January, Day and Evening,

IN THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

As accidental omissions are almost unavoidable, even of those whose company is most desired, the Ladies hasten to say, that all who hate slavery, and wish to become subscribers to the funds for its peaceful, immediate abolition, without expatriation, may obtain special invitations (without which no one is ever admitted) at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington street, and of the Ladies at their respective homes.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	SARAH P. REMOND,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY FRANCIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

MARY E. STEARNS.

The friends of the Cause in distant cities, or in country towns, with whom we have been so long in correspondence, are earnestly entreated, for the sake of the Cause, at this moment of hope and cheer, when the very evidences of progress make it difficult to raise money in large sums—*to take up collections* in their respective neighborhoods; using all diligence to make the amount of smaller subscriptions supply any deficiency the hard times may possibly occasion in the larger ones. *Now*, as the very time for the most efficient expenditure, should be the time of most devoted effort. It is to be hoped that not a town in any State where we have ever had correspondence, nor an individual whose heart is in unison with ours on this subject, will be found wanting to our list. We have ample opportunity to know that there are many such at the South as well as at the North, for we are not exclusively of Northern birth, nor all free from the painful remembrance of having once been slaveholders. We hope to welcome as many as possible at the evening reception; at all events, to receive their subscriptions by letter. Some of the ladies will be ready, while directing the arrangements for the evening reception, to welcome and receive the subscriptions of all their friends who prefer to make their calls during the day.

The Germania Band will fill the pauses of conversation in the evening. The guests may leave cloaks and shawls in the care of the attendants at the entrance and in the anterooms.

Each invitation must be countersigned by the guest, as last year, before presenting it at the door.

Boston, December 25, 1860.

FREE SPEECH IN BUFFALO.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Union is saved! The danger of secession is passed, if you can only let Carolina know as speedily as possible that our Northern Buffaloes have come forth in their might, trampled the right of free speech in the dust, and cut the jugular vein of abolitionism, by mobbing one slender gray haired man, and two "strong-minded" women. These wild bovines, in defiance of law and order, tramped into the hall of St. James and worried the three helpless "fanatics" with their hideous bellowings through two entire days. The Mayor came to the rescue and looked the herd bravely and steadily in the face, made a noble, manly speech, and ordered his police (some fifty or sixty in number, admitted free, for the express purpose of preserving order) to do their duty, and drive these inhuman interlopers back to their burrows. But what could he do more than utter brave words? His police, being Democrats, would not obey the orders of the newly elected Republican Mayor; so far from it, they actually joined the mob themselves, encouraged by *respectable* men from the Democratic and Bell-Everett ranks, among them the distinguished juniors of Millard Filmore and Horatio Seymour. The speakers, through much tribulation, said their say, and at 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned. Whereupon the bovines took possession of the Hall on a lease of ten dollars an hour, and with great efforts raised three dollars and forty-five cents. They then proceeded to organize, and with difficulty found a man willing to assume such grave responsibilities. Mr. Talcott, a member of the bar, rose and asked the Chair to state the objects of the meeting, but they were too momentous for utterance and fairly stuck in his throat. Whilst he was in the process of deglutition, a Committee retired to draft resolutions. The Chairman, recovering, said, he "didn't exactly know the object of the meeting," but he "*s'posed* it was for *free discussion* about anything that wouldn't make disturbance." Mr. Talcott replied, that he was "wholly incompetent to discuss that subject," and sat down.

The Business Committee then reported that they had no paper (they meant ideas) to draft resolutions, but proceeded to read some incoherent nonsense from the back of an old letter. Just then, not knowing for what they met, or how to do it, some rogue closed their drunken vagaries by turning off the gas. And thus ended an Anti-Slavery Convention in one of the largest cities of the Empire State, on the *Fast day* of our pious President—the immortal "platform," James Buchanan—in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

Free Speech in South Carolina is tarred and feathered, exiled and hung. In Washington it is subject to bluster, threat, insult and ridicule. In Boston the very sprigs of fashion choke it down with perfume and soft resolutions in favor of what it suffers south of the line. But in the "City of the West," within the sound of Niagara's roar, in the presence of such solemn majesty, rude Buffaloes are let loose to trample on the constitutional rights of freemen—to insult and ridicule the daughters of Pilgrim Fathers, standing in the forum to plead for justice and mercy for an outraged race.

Buffalo, Jan. 5, 1861. E. C. S.

A FULL HOUSE AND A GOOD SERMON.—The Church of the Puritans was crowded last Sunday eveniag by a congregation eager to hear the reply of the Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE to the pro-slavery sermon of Mr. Van Dyke, over which the advocates and apologists of slavery are crowing so lustily. Mr. Sloane took up Mr. Van Dyke's main propositions, one by one, and answered them in a manner so conclusive as to carry conviction to all who heard him. Indeed, nothing could suit us better than to see the two discourses—the poison and the antidote—published under the same cover for general circulation. Mr. Sloane held the undivided attention of his audience for more than an hour and a half, and proved himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We are glad to learn that his discourse is to be immediately published.

FLAX AND COTTON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

UNTIL this week, I have never seen the prairies in winter. In many places they seem frozen seas. No tree, no hill, no house breaks the view, far as eye can reach. The sun rises out of snow, shines all day on snow, and sets in snow. But in these clear days he rises and sets in golden glory. I looked last night, and saw the last sun of 1860 go down with a radiant majesty worthy the close of a year in which millennial work had been done for the world's redemption. And I said, What must a man's life have been, what should mine be, to be worthy a close as divinely glorious as attends this expiring year onward into the eternities!

And a similar magnificence this morning attended the first sunrise of the new year. I dressed by lamplight, to be ready for the pageant. The whole orient was clear and bright. The whole sky had put on that royal purple which Ruskin told me it always wore just before and a little after clear sunset and sunrise, but which I had not known before. The robe was purple, with a golden border, touching the north, and reaching round through the east and to the south, spangled with many a star. And out of that heavenly effulgence rose the first sun of 1861. Oh, could the year but be crowned with deeds as divine as that spectacle in which it was introduced, its last sun would indeed go down in millennial glory!

But I am forgetful of my subject. That is not much to be regretted, because another is to speak for me. We have been made to believe that for two or three articles especially, of great necessity, the North is dependent on the South. Of these are cotton and sugar. My promise to tell you something about the culture of sugar here in the West is not to be broken. Let Louisiana look to her laurels in respect to that article.

If the whole cotton-growing district of the country should sink with Sodom to-morrow, it would, so far as its staple product is concerned, be a great pecuniary blessing to the rest of the nation. In flax and other fibrous products of easy culture, we should then discover and develope a wealth as yet unknown. The mysteries of agriculture are yet to be revealed. Articles now deemed *luxuries* will be included with thorns and thistles, as among the curses of "Adam's fall." Tobacco is not the only one of these. And cotton, as connected with slave labor, is, and should be held, the crowning curse, though innocent in itself, and to some degree useful.

But in flax, I am sure, from the little knowledge gained on the farm in early boyhood, we are yet to find a substitute for cotton that shall supersede it altogether. And should swine, dogs and other unclean beasts be banished from human society, and the finest wool sheep be propagated instead, mankind might soon be arrayed in fabrics worthy of King "Solomon in all his glory."

Our finest fruits, too, are but the prophecy of those yet to be discovered and grown. The human sense of *taste*, too, will be one day refined to a like degree; so that the fabled nectar and ambrosia of the gods shall be the real food and drink of real men.

To show what is to be shortly expected from the flax culture, I quote a short extract from a very able article in the Chicago *Tribune* by Mr. S. A. Clemens, of Rockford in this State.

"One ton of good flax straw will produce four hundred pounds of fibre. At ten dollars a ton for the straw, in connection with the value of the seed, flax is a more profitable crop for the Western farmer than corn or wheat. A flax mill on the above plan, of capacity to produce daily one ton of marketable fibre, is erected at the outlay of about twenty thousand dollars. Operated by sixteen hands, and the shives being available for fuel, the daily running expenses may be estimated at less than twenty-five dollars. With a margin, the cost of preparing the flax is thus one cent and a half a pound, which with two and a half cents paid the farmer for the raw stock, the total cost of the product of the mill is four cents a pound. Its market value may range from nine to fifteen cents, according to quality of stock. The linen mills of Great Britain annually use one hundred thousand tons of flax, most of which is imported, and our Eastern mills chiefly depend upon foreign supplies of flax. The plentiful production of American flax will readily turn manufacturing capital to the erection of linen mills near the field of supply. The material when delivered to the linen factory in the sliver, is already half manufactured, and can be spun and woven for less than three cents a pound—the average cost of manufacturing cotton from the bale. The plantation cost of cotton, at the present value of slave labor, is not less than eight cents a pound, and the market price averages twelve cents. Taking into account the greater density of flax, which acquires about thirty per cent. more weight of material than cotton, in yarns of given fineness, we have in the foregoing, unmistakable assurance that linen fabrics can be made as cheap as those of cotton. The greater durability of linen makes it economical for use at more than two-fold the price of the other. It requires, therefore, no special prophetic vision to foresee the comparative future of flax and cotton, as rival elements of sectional wealth and various power. Those who would aid in a promised revolution, to be inaugurated by the industrial agencies herein indicated, are requested to communicate with the editors of *The Chicago Tribune*, or S. A. Clemens, Rockford, Ill."

Vast quantities of flax are now raised, only for the seed, to be converted into oil. Let its whole value become known and appreciated, and it will spring into importance, as did the potato and tomato, when it was found that their leaves and flowers were but their *chaff*, and not the crop at all, for which they were to be cultivated.

And then, too, will cotton, so far as connected with slavery, be accursed among all nations, as, at best, fit only for halters for tyrants and oppressors, while crimes and cruelties shall last among men.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Sterling, Ill., *Jan. 1, 1861.*

LINCOLN'S CABINET.—*The Tribune*, from the latest information that has reached it, thinks Mr. Lincoln's cabinet will be constituted about as follows:

State	WILLIAM H. SEWARD, of New York.
Treasury	SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio.
Att'y.-General	EDWARD BATES, of Missouri.
War	*SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania.
Navy	ROBERT E. SCOTT, of Virginia.
Interior	WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina.
P. M.-General	GIDEON WELLES, of Connecticut.

The same paper says that Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates have both accepted the positions which have been offered them, and that it is possible that Mr. Charles Francis Adams may be appointed Postmaster-General instead of Mr. Welles. The Springfield (Mass). *Republican*, representing a different wing of the party, says: "Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, is believed to have the opportunity of going into Mr. Lincoln's cabinet; and if, a month hence, the position and the politics of the South are such as to render it possible for him to connect his fortunes with the new Administration, he will doubtless do so. No event could be more fortunate for the Administration or the Union than such a conjunction." "Fortunate" for a Republican Administration to have in it a bitter pro-slavery Democrat from the State of Georgia! This shows what some leading Republicans are thinking of, and in what direction they mean to carry their party; and it gives significance to another remark of the same paper, viz.: "We have no doubt there will be, within the four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration, a reorganization of parties in the North as well as the South, and that a portion of the Republican party will separate from it *to engage in more decided anti-slavery work.*"

* Later advices make it doubtful if Mr. Cameron will receive a Cabinet appointment.

THE GALLOWS.—A strenuous effort is to be made in the Legislature to set up the gallows again. The law passed last winter has been so befogged by *fogy* Judges as to require some little amendment. But the effort will be to repeal it altogether. All who disbelieve in the gallows should make their views known to the Legislators at Albany—the Senators especially. Reader, write a brief letter to some Senator or Assemblyman, giving him your idea of what the present age demands.

ANTI-DRACO.

MAHLON B. LINTON, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed a Local Agent of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. He will attend and address meetings held within convenient distance of his residence; and will receive the names of new subscribers to THE STANDARD, and to other anti-slavery journals. Payments due to THE STANDARD may be made to him. The publications of the Society may also be obtained of him. Mr. Linton's address is Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa.

INFAMOUS.—Mr. Townsend, member of Assembly from Queen's County, has introduced a bill to reëstablish slavery in the Empire State, with the limitation that the slaveholders shall be citizens of other States, and shall only keep their human chattels here nine months out of twelve, or three quarters of the time. Need we say that Mr. Townsend is a Democrat? Pour in the petitions for a Personal Liberty law.

THE FAST IN ALBANY.

Two sermons, at least, fully up to the mark, were preached in Albany on Fast day—one by Rev. J. D. FULTON, in the morning, in the north part of the city, and the other by Rev. A. D. MAYO, in the evening, in the southerly portion of the city. Mr. Fulton is a Baptist minister recently settled in Albany, and is a thorough anti-slavery man of the Cheever and Beecher type. His sermon was a bold and eloquent appeal to the North to stand firm for freedom. The only compromise that he advised was an amendment of the Constitution proclaiming the year of jubilee to every slave, according to the law laid down in the Bible. Mr. F. did not spare the Church in his righteous rebukes of those who have upheld slavery. This was not his first sermon for freedom. Mr. Mayo's discourse was a philosophical, yea, a statesmanlike treatment of the present crisis, its duties and dangers. Our greatest danger, he argued, was from the *servile class at the North*—the O'Conors and the Van Dykes. The discourse will be published in a pamphlet, and will make an excellent "Tract for the Times." B.

NO SLAVE-HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE time has arrived when the friends of freedom in the Empire State are called upon to make a new and vigorous effort to procure the enactment of a statute that shall interpose an effectual barrier to the incursions of the Southern slave-hunter upon their soil. It is the more important that this effort should be made now, in view of the insolent demands of the Slave Oligarchy for the repeal of the Personal Liberty laws of other States, and of the disposition evinced by weak-kneed and weak-backed Republicans to offer the required sacrifice, in the hope of thereby smoothing their way to offices long coveted and now almost within reach. These Republican doughfaces must be made to understand that they cannot, with safety even to their own interest, trifle with the earnest, heartfelt anti-slavery sentiment of the North; and there is no better way of enforcing this lesson than by a general uprising of the people to demand the enactment of new safeguards against slave-hunting.

We subjoin a form of petition which we wish might, within the next six

Miscellaneous Department.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCHES IN THE SAHARA.

BY C. RUSSELL.

THE winter that I spent in Algeria was one which offered no interval of fine weather between the rains of November and those of winter, which lasted three months, with scarcely the intermission of a fine day: I fled from Blidah to Algiers, from Algiers to Constantine, without any alleviation to this miserable period; I felt I must find a spot where the watery element could not reach me, and thought of the desert. I observed long convoys descending the road that led thither, their faces bronzed with a perpetual sun, followed by their camels loaded with dates and curious productions. One morning, then, I mounted my horse, in a state bordering on desperation, and five days after reached El-Kantara, worn out and wet to the skin, resolved never to stop until I should be face to face with the sun of the south.

El-Kantara—the bridge—keeps the defile, and is, so to speak, the only gate by which you can penetrate from the Tell of Constantine into the Sahara Desert. This passage is a narrow cutting, which you would fancy was made by the hand of man, through an enormous wall of rocks, three or four hundred feet high; the bridge, of Roman construction, is thrown across. Ride over this, and a hundred paces down the defile, you come upon a charming village watered by a deep stream, and lost in a forest of twenty-five thousand palm-trees, and you have your first introduction to the Sahara. Beyond rise a double range of hills, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, which, twelve leagues further, are lost in the immense plains of Angad, the entrance to the Great Desert. The Arabs have an established belief that the rain ceases at this little village, and winter never passes the bridge which separates the two seasons, winter and summer—two countries, the Tell and the Sahara: and the proof they give is, that one side of the mountain is black and the color of rain, and the other rose-colored, promising fine weather.

It is said that the first French regiment that crossed this bridge involuntarily stood still, penetrated with admiration; and the prospect which unfolded itself this evening before my eyes made the tradition probable. The palm-trees were the first I had seen; the little gold-colored village, buried under the green foliage, already loaded with the white spring blossoms: the young girl who came to us, with the splendid red costume and rich necklace of the Desert, carrying an amphora on the hip; her clear complexion, beautiful with precocious youth—still a child, but already a woman; the old man, her companion, bent, but not disfigured, with age; the whole Desert appeared before me, under its various forms, in all its beauty, and seemed like a wondrous vision. The most incomparable part was the sky: the setting sun gilded, empurpled, and edged with fire a multitude of little clouds, which were detached from the great black circle extended over our heads, and arranged like a fringe of foam at the margin of a troubled sea. Beyond was the azure; through depths that had no limits and inconceivable clearness you saw the country of celestial blue. Warm breezes came up to us, loaded with I know not what mingled scents and aerial music of the flowery village; the sound of rushing water, the songs of the birds, and the rustling of the leaves. At the same moment a Muezzin, unseen, repeated his evening prayer to the four points of the horizon, in a tone so passionate that all nature seemed to be listening.

The day after, our path to Boghar led us over the mountains—an irregular mass of conical hills separated by deep ravines, at the bottom of which ran little streams, with abundance of oleanders in flower; the slopes were covered with brushwood and the summits with oak trees; whilst a few squares of barley denoted the presence of the Arabs. The proprietors you never meet; they do not like their abode to be known, nor to tell their name or speak of their occupation: the huts are built in the most hidden spots, and from this invisible retreat they mark the travellers who pass and the road they take. All the habits of the Arab peasant betray this system of precaution and espionage; the possession of land embarrasses him, and hence nothing looks more abandoned than the countries inhabited by their tribes.

After five hours of painful climbing, hanging to the manes of our horses, we perceived with joy, in a cleared space, a white house, built by the French as an official residence for the chief of the tribes, and an hotel for travellers. Two black tents had been raised as an asylum for us and our servants, and the Caïd Si Djilali had come expressly to receive us on the threshold of the Arab country, with great hospitality. Our host is a fine specimen of the mountaineer, with a well-shaped head, an ardent and fine expression, and a frequent smile, which shows his superb teeth. He wears two burnous—a black over a white: the upper is of course camel's hair, heavy and rough, and, raised over the shoulder, form two regular folds. It makes the tallest men appear short, so much breadth does it give, whilst it adds much to the majesty of their bearing. Add to this the red morocco riding boots, a chaplet of brown wood, a leather belt buckled at the waist, and worn by the rubbing of the pistols, and, finally, a long string of amulets hanging over a *haik* of fine wool and silk; all wool and leather, without embroidery or ornament, neither silk nor gold tassels: such was the severe attire of our host.

The Diffa is the repast consecrated by custom and etiquette: it was served in a small room. The carpet, too large, was rolled against the wall, and served to sit against; a single wax-light, held by a servant kneeling before us in perfect immobility, was our only light. First came in one or two sheep roasted whole, empaled on long spits and laid on an immense wooden dish placed on the carpet: the master of the house cuts out the best slice, and offers it to the principal guest. It is accompanied with hot buttered cakes. Then came ragouts—half mutton and half dried fruits, with a highly seasoned cayenne sauce. Then followed the couscousson—cooked flour and water passed through a sieve, and vessels of water and sweet and sour milk. The meat was taken in the fingers and torn. For the sauce there is but one spoon, which goes the round of the guests. The couscousson is generally rolled into a ball in the right hand, and swallowed much as you would a pill. The custom is to sit around the dish, and each make your own hole. An Arab precept recommends you to "leave the middle, for the blessing of Heaven descends upon it." Coffee, tea and tobacco are served only to Christians, and are wholly unknown among the Arabs of the south. There are many poor people who have never tasted them. Yet we always picture, most incorrectly, an Arab armed with his long pipe, as we see the Turks: many look upon it as a vice nearly equal to that of drinking wine.

Our next day's journey led us through a fine oak forest, which, after a time, was exchanged for a much more extended horizon, a barren valley, and a landscape of a gray yellow color. One valley which we passed through was so singular that I shall never forget it. Imagine a country, all earth and stones, tossed about by arid winds and burnt to its very centre, polished like porcelain, and dazzling to the eye; so dry that it seems as if it had been submitted to the action of fire; without the smallest trace of cultivation—not a blade of grass or a thistle; horizontal hills, that might have been flattened with the hand, and narrow valleys, as clean and bare as a barn floor before a thresher begins his work. Sometimes a fantastic hill, if possible still more desolate, with an unformed block resting on the top, like an aërolite fallen on a mass of burning flint; and all from one end to the other, as far as the eye can reach, neither red nor yellow nor bistre, but exactly the color of a lion's skin. Neither summer nor winter, sun nor rain can make this soil verdant: all seasons are useless, and from each it only receives chastisement.

We were three hours in crossing this extraordinary tract, on a day without a breath of air, and in an atmosphere so immovable that our riding through it did not raise a breeze. The dust rolled without rising, and the sky was covered with large copper-colored clouds on an azure ground. Nothing living was to be seen, but occasionally an eagle slowly crossed the solitude to regain the wooded mountains of Boghar. On our exit we gained the first plain of the south, an immense perspective of twenty-five leagues without any visible undulation.

Perhaps the word Sahara is too often understood to mean desert; but it is the general name for a large tract, composed of plains, uninhabited in certain places, but well populated in others. It contains two distinct populations: the one sedentary, with fixed centres in towns or villages, in spots where the supply of water is never-failing; the other, the race of Arab conquerors, nomade and living under tents: the first are agriculturists, the second shepherds. A common interest unites the two, yet it does not prevent each having a hearty contempt for the other. In those plains which the rain renders habitable the population is immense.

It was at a morning halt near El-Goneu, on a lovely clear day, that I saw the first tents and camels, and felt with delight that I was in the land of the Patriarchs. Old Hadji-Meloud received us, according to custom, in large tents raised for us, in the midst of numerous servants and great state. Much was eaten, and we drank coffee out of little green cups, on which was written, in Arabic, "Drink in peace." The scene was one of great simplicity, the tents of striped red and black cast two immense square shadows on the bare ground, the only ones in the wide extent of horizon. Standing in them were the old man and his two tall sons, all dressed in black; whilst behind them, and in the full sun, was a circle of people squatted, in dirty white, without voice or movement, and winking under the brilliancy of the sun's rays. Servants dressed in white passed noiselessly from the tents where the repast was cooking, to bring it to us. In a corner of the *douar*, I could see large herds of camels, with their long necks lying on the sterile mounds; the ground as bare as sand, and the color of a ripe barley field.

We left our horses, and took a convoy of twenty-five camels. Their drivers are tying on their sandals—dark men, in black burnous, thin as their animals, nourished on some trifling pittance, sleeping no one knows where, and performing, with their indefatigable camels, journeys beyond all belief. Our little caravan preserves a certain degree of order: first come about thirty horsemen; then follow the camels, with their drivers stimulating them with sharp cries, and whistling. Our khrebir rides at the side, on a large white horse, with his gun and lynx skin hung to his saddle. Besides our escort and servants, we take three Amins of the Mazabites, with their suite, who are going to settle some political difficulties which the French have with the Mazab. One is a tall, rough cavalier, in warlike array, who gracefully rides his fine horse, which is saddled with purple velvet and gold, and wears a scarlet cloth over the breast. Another, called Si-Bakir, has an honest, jovial face—very little, very fat, and sits astride his little mule like a round ball: he is a rich citizen, who has three Moorish baths at Algiers, and a son at Berryan; and he speaks to me, with equal affection, of his child, his baths, and the celebrated dates of his country. He is dressed pretty much as he would be in his bedroom, his legs encased in woollen stockings, and his feet in black slippers; his defence against the sun consists of an immense straw hat, the size of a parasol, ornamented at the top with ostrich feathers. As he shows me much friendship, and as he knows just as much French as I do Arabic, our communications are very amusing, but rarely instructive.

One evening when we encamped near Boghari we sent into the town for music and dancers. Our people lighted immense fires before our red tent, and we sat watching the torches that slowly approached us from the village; then the languishing sound of the Arab flute watted by the tranquil night air marked the arrival of our six musicians, and as many veiled women, escorted by a large party of Arabs, who invited themselves to the diversion, and seated themselves in a large circle round our fire. The effect was something like one of Rembrandt's pictures; heads turbaned with white, arms without bodies; movable hands to which no arms seemed to be attached; bright eyes and white teeth, set in almost invisible faces; half a dress in bright light, the other half emerging with strange caprices out of shadows thick and black as ink. The stunning sound of flutes, coming we know not from whence, and four tambourines of skins shone in the lightest part of the circle, like large gold discs, seeming as if they shook and sounded of themselves. Our fires, which were fed with dried branches, poured out long wreaths of smoke mingled with jets of flame; and beyond this strange scene you saw neither sky nor earth nor tent; around everywhere there was nothing but the absolute blackness which can exist only in the sightless eye of the blind.

The dancer stood in the centre of this attentive assembly, slowly undulating her body, stretching out her beautiful hands, as if for a conjuration, and rather seeming to be acting a scene in Macbeth than anything else. The Arab dance expresses with much more real grace, and in mimic language more refined, the little drama of the tender passion, than the Moorish. Our dancer, who was not pretty, had that kind of beauty that suited her movements: her pale face was surrounded with thick rolls of hair plaited with wool; she wore her long white veil and red haik, on which sparkled a profusion of jewels, to perfection; and when she extended her bare arm, ornamented to the elbow with bracelets, she was certainly superb. I do not think I took the same pleasure in the spectacle as the Arabs did, but it was, at least, a vision which will remain among the *souvenirs* of my journey: the pantomime was long, and lasted until both musicians and dancers were weary, when they closed with a terrible charivari of flutes and tambourines.

The day after, we encamped about noon, at Ain-Ousera, the saddest *bivouac* we met with in our whole route, on the borders of a muddy black pool, edged with green rushes and a limitless plain all round. A large flight of vultures and ravens occupied the spring, ranged in two lines, their backs curved and so immovable that it required some shots to disperse the yellow and black pilgrims. The first sight of a desert country strikes you with a singular feeling of depression; the plain of thirty leagues is alternately cut up into marshes, or sands, or covered with tufts of *alfa*, wormwood, sea purslain, and more rarely with thorny shrubs and pistachio trees. The latter is a providential tree in these shadowless regions, where its branches form a real parasol of sixty feet diameter; it bears bunches of red berries, slightly acid and pleasant to the thirsty palate. When our convoy passes one of these trees, the camel drivers, who are mounted, tear off handfuls of the fruit, and throw them down to their companions on foot; whilst the camels, with outstretched necks, lay in a good meal of fruit and leaves.

The *alfa* is a most useful plant: it serves for food for horses, and the people of Sahara weave it into mats, hats, bowls and jars for milk. But, for the traveller, it is the most wearisome of all vegetation, and, unfortunately, when it begins it covers leagues. Imagine the same tuft springing up like a little rush, agitating and waving with the slightest breeze, over which you go stumbling along, the eye wearied with the monotonous green without a single variation to rest on: the road itself being marked with large blocks of stone. It serves as a retreat for all kinds of game, hares, rabbits and *gangas;* but there is never any water: the soil is gray, sandy, and a rebel to all vegetation.

For myself, I much prefer the stony tracts, dry, hard, and mingled with saltpetre, where an army of little animals rush about, friends to the sun and to long siestas on the warm sand. The gray lizards are innumerable, and their agility seems increased by living under such a sun. Sometimes a viper lies stretched out, like a dry twig, or rolled under a tuft of wormwood, rouses up at your approach, and glides into his hole. Rats as large as a rabbit, and agile as lizards, show themselves and disappear at every opening, as if they gave themselves no time to choose their asylum, or as if they were at home everywhere. In the midst of this mute, ugly, and venomous population, sing and fly the larks of our own land; the red throat, another autumn songster, replies from the top of the leafless almond tree. The melodies of the one resemble a little song mixed with tears; the other, consisting of but one note, is deep and passionate.

At daybreak we have in sight the little *douar* and immense flocks belonging to the tribe of Ouled-d'Hya, the first we have met since our entrance into the Sahara. The Caïd received us: but we only took time to unbridle our horses, rest under the shade, and eat a few dates, with camel's milk, the water here being scarce and extremely bad. The *douar* did not consist of more than fifteen or twenty tents, which represent one of the smallest of these nomade hamlets, they were red, striped with black, pictures quely supported by a multitude of poles, and retained in the ground by picquets. All around, and heaped pell-mell, were kitchen and household utensils; war accoutrements, belonging to the master of the tent; mill-stones to grind corn, heavy mortars to beat pepper in, wooden dishes for the preparation of couscousson, sieves through which it is passed, perforated jars for cooking it, bowls or plaited alfa, travelling bass tent carpets, wheels to spin wool, and iron teeth to card it. Amid all this disorderly array of dirty, blackened articles, one or two square coffers, painted in bright colors and studded with brass nails and locks, contain the most valuable part of the owner's property and the jewels of his wife. Beyond the tents the ground is covered with carcasses and offal, spots blackened by the fires hollowed in the ground, and surrounded by three hearth-stones, masses of dried branches, and black, long-haired skins suspended between three poles, gypsy-fashion. In the immense plain the camels browse during the day without keepers, reassembling at night at the sound of a trumpet, to sleep near the *douar*.

Such is the home where the Saharien nomade passes half his life—the man who does nothing (for to work is a disgrace). The wife looks after everything: whilst the vigilant dog stands sentinel—patient, sober, and suspicious as his master. The other half of his life is passed in travelling. At another time I will describe the tribe on its march—a wonderful spectacle, which renews under our eyes in modern times the wanderings of the children of Israel.

I suppress our bivouac by the Rock of Salt, and hasten on to the plateaux of D'jelfa, which we reached at nightfall. The house of the Kalifat is a large square mass of walls lost in the desert, fifty leagues from Boghar, and yet we supped in a large, clean room—a table crowded with guests, cheerfully lighted with wax-lights, served in the French style: clean white table-linen, covered with silver and glass, and four carafles filled with milk and lemonade. The Kalifat Si-Cheriff is a tall, stout person, almost without beard, a placid face and sparkling eyes, carelessly dressed in a white haik, and wearing a veil like the Marabouts. He is the head of an immense, rich, commercial tribe, extending far to the South, and is known as one of the bravest and most opulent of the princes. His birth, high political position, and the illustrious antecedents of his military life, give him immense weight among his people. Independently of this official residence, he has a real home in the pastures near the Rock of Salt, where are his six thousand camels and innumerable sheep. He divides his time between his woollen tent and his stone house, bringing to the latter nothing but his horses, military attendants, and his wife.

I say his wife, because they speak of a Madame Si-Cheriff, whose history somewhat resembles a romance. She is a Spaniard. A man who has since disappeared, and whose sudden death was never satisfactorily explained, brought her and a younger sister to the Deira of Abd-el-Kader when in the height of his power. They were both very pretty. The elder was given as a wife to Si-Cheriff; the younger to his cousin. Both have followed, under the French alliance, the fortunes of their husbands, and never thought of protesting against the marriages imposed on them—adopting not only the costume, but also the Arab tongue, to the extent even of forgetting their own.

I saw their child this morning (a pretty little boy of four years old); he was in his class in a school founded by Si-Cheriff, and dressed like his poorest companions, with bare little feet and a frock of dirty, shabby, white stuff. One of my travelling companions, who has often had an opportunity of making his acquaintance, had brought a present for him from Algiers of a French silk, a wooden sword, and a fine woollen shirt. As for his aunt, Madame Si-Cheriff's sister, she is never to be seen at D'jelfa, preferring life in a tent, and abandoning to no one the care of her wandering household and the management of her flocks.

Although this *bordj* is an eyesore in the midst of the desert, with its new frontage, its roof of yellow tiles, and unfortunate resemblance to barracks, yet it awakens remembrances of life in feudal times. The gates, lined with iron, are open during the day; the stables are filled with a great number of horses, neighing and pawing each time that a fresh cavalier presents himself at the entrance of the court. The new-comer spurs straight to the threshold, stops suddenly, and throws himself off there. Under the shadow of the gallery, cross-legged on a bench, with a chaplet in his hand, sits the Kalifat, who permits his numerous clients to embrace him, and gives them audience. They throw themselves on his neck, as if they intended to stifle him, and kiss his great white head, generally standing as they speak, although some familiars are seated near him, and often a man in rags, the lowest of the tribes, joins in the conversation of the prince as freely as if he were his favorite. The respect for rank, which is enormous among the Arabs, does not exclude a singular familiarity between masters and servants. The audience ended, the cavalier clashing his long spurs, walks away to his horse, which, panting, foaming, and with the drops of blood on its sides, waits as if nailed to the spot. Gentle and courteous animal! as soon as its rider lays his hand on its neck, its eye kindles, and once in the saddle there is no need for the spur; it shakes its head, the brass or silver on its accoutrements rings, its noble neck arches proudly, and it starts with an attitude like the equestrian statues of the victorious Cæsars.

But the *bordj* is not always silent or filled with peaceable visitors; like the old castles, it has its moments of alarm; and festival days. Sometimes it is the young Bel-Kassem, who goes out hunting, accompanied by his greyhounds, his falconers in gay dresses, strange-looking pages, and himself carrying a hooded falcon on his leather gauntlet. If, on the contrary, an enemy is signalled, or a turbulent tribe requires punishment, Si-Cheriff comes out in person with his warlike retinue. Two or three hundred warriors are grouped confusedly round a tricolored standard—red, green and yellow; gun in hand, upright in the saddle, waiting for the Kalifat. He appears booted and spurred, but without arms in his hands; only round his waist is a heavy belt full of cartridges and long pistols with brilliant studs. Two negro servants are beside him: one carries a sabre in a chased scabbard, and a rifle inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the other, his straw hat with silk streamers. He seats himself heavily on his white horse, throws back his burnous with a graceful gesture, in order to free his right hand to command or to act in case of need, and giving the signal, heads the troop with his standard, and starts off at a gallop. This is the most advanced side of Arab civilization, and certainly the most brilliant.

We bid adieu to Si-Cheriff at early dawn on the first of June, not without feelings of regret at parting. About eleven o'clock the heat suddenly became excessive, the cloudless sky was covered with white streaks like immense spider's webs. The wind rose and veered to the South, and its violence soon proclaimed it the Sirocco. At first the gusts were but passing; sometimes hot, sometimes cold. Then they became more frequent and hotter; the sky was of a red color, through which not an atom of blue was visible; the horizon was of a leaden hue. At length the wind became continuous, and like the exhalation from a furnace—rising even from the soil itself, which positively burnt my horse's feet. As for myself, had it not been for the fatigue of sitting in my saddle, I should have felt my hot envelope really delightful, and, setting aside a traveller's curiosity, I was not sorry to breathe this storm of sand and fire coming from the desert. We encamped near the little village of Hamra, at a moment when the storm was fiercer than ever; it nearly overthrew my tent. Bakir and his companions were soon buried under theirs, and did not trouble themselves to raise it again. It was almost night, though only six o'clock; our horses stood immovable, hanging their heads; the camels would not eat, but lay down close together, with their necks stretched on the sand. Soon after, the darkness was total: not a star visible. A number of jackals came howling past; but, though nobody was asleep, there was no movement, and the fires and lights were all extinguished.

The same wind continued for three days. Men and beasts were all but exhausted, and thankfully looked forward to the shelter El-Aghouat would offer. It seems strange that after a few leagues we shall meet with a large town lost like an island in the desert—a centre without suburbs. Almost all Arab towns, especially in the south, are preceded by cemeteries—large open spaces, covered with a multitude of little stones, arranged in order, and through which the people pass as on a highway. Passing through this you see before you a square black hole, in a heavy iron gate, which is the entrance to one of the streets, and a sentinel of the Turkish battalion; in a blue vest and white turban, crouches in the shade. Beyond stretches a narrow corridor between gray walls without windows, and pierced here and there with square holes, as doors, whitened with chalk; a white pavement sparkling like steel, with an imperceptible trace of shadow down one side; not a creature to be seen, and a silence as insupportable as the heat.

"Such is El-Aghouat at noonday," said M. N., an officer who had ridden out to meet me.

A little further we passed before the shops and *cafés;* shades were stretched across the street, and a party of smokers squatted on benches were assembled, composing all the animation of the town, and consisting of spahis, horsemen of Mahkzen, and Arabs dressed in white. M. N. led me straight to the commander's house, situated in an irregular square, through which a stream runs, and a gigantic palm-tree, straight as a mast, rises; in the centre a herd of yellow camels were quietly sleeping. The sun was fearfully hot, the leather of my bridle burnt my hands, and the perfect silence showed that the garrison were taking their siesta. My resting-place for the next month was pointed out to me as the best lodgings in El-Aghouat, and, considering the many strange homes I have had, I was not surprised at the dirt and indigence of these, where a number of Arab sweepers were busy throwing an extraordinary mass of manure, dry straw, and dust from the terrace into the court, and from thence into the street.

Thanks to the kindness of Lieutenant N., I soon began to make acquaintances, and with him paid a visit to some Arab houses, which are generally occupied by three or four families. You enter by a dark, narrow passage, into a court, as filthy as a stable, and only when your eye is accustomed to the gloom, and your hearing, roused by the click of machinery, do you distinguish in each room a loom filled with white threads, and through which brown fingers are throwing the shuttle. Woollen haiks, cheap burnous, and counterpanes, are all woven at home. Then little girls, paler than their mothers, spin the thread on a distaff ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers. The babies are laid in the corner, with nothing on but a rag over the face to preserve them from the flies. But everybody works, and in the greatest silence: each household spreads its dinner in one corner of the court, in the midst of millions of flies, in an atmosphere of heat, and exhalations from the mass of dirt which it is impossible to describe. In the evening the stoves are lighted, the skins are filled with water or milk; the meal is prepared, and the husband returns, not from work, but from sitting idly under the shade of a wall, and the family is reunited under the lovely sky of night, almost as light as most days in Europe.

Sometimes we spend our evenings in D'jeridi's *café*, the best-frequented circle in El-Aghouat, where a dozen figures, all in white, some smoking, all giving forth a strong odor of musk and benzoin, stretch their bare feet, touching each side of the narrow street. Aouimer is one of the beaux of the town; he has animation and gayety. Though an excellent soldier and brilliant horseman, his true place is at the Moorish *café*, drawing strange, languishing notes from his reed flute, or dancing like the Alma girls of the south.

The hour near midnight is so beautiful—the soft wind waving the palm-trees, the violet sky studded with diamonds, and the milky-way stretching over our heads, made the sense of living so enjoyable, that even I found Aouimer's music admirable. I leaned towards my friend, who was gravely smoking his cigar and looking reflective, and said:

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing!" he replied.

"And what do you say to the night?"

"I say that you grow accustomed to it, my dear friend. If I thought about anything during the warm nights that I have sat here, I should have become too philosophical to be a soldier." Then he interrupted Aouimer, and said, "My dear Aouimer, will you dance a little?"

The wish was complied with, but one by one the guests departed, or stretched themselves on the benches. The night air blew freshly, and made me shiver. I looked at my watch—it was half-past three.

"Let us go and sleep," said the lieutenant.

"Where?" I asked.

"In the square, if you like."

And, taking two mats from D'jeridi's shop, we finished our night in the Place D'Armes.—*Ladies' Companion.*

MUSING.

PLAY on, dear love; I do not care
For any music like thine own:
And let it be that simple air
You touch so often when alone:
Not that—nor that; nor can I tell
Even how its dropping cadence goes;
But last night, when the gloaming fell,
It seemed the voice of its repose.

Just after dinner, you remember,
I went up to my room; and—while
The cold gray twilight of September
Stretched through the limes, like minster aisle
With lustrous oriel in the west,
And purple clouds in amber laid,
Where sainted spirits seemed to rest
With flaming glories round their head—

Then sat I, well resolved to know,
Caput and locus, every page in't,
One of the fathers, ranked in row,
The grenadiers of my book-regiment.
But, just as if I had uncoiled
His mummy from its rags and rust,
When to his inner heart I toiled,
'Twas but to be choked with saintly dust.

Then, brooding grim, I wondered: "How
Far down among the distant ages,
Hath this fool's babble floated now
With the high wisdom of the sages?
He sat, indeed, at early morn
Beside the fountain of the light;
But, blanker than a babe new-born,
He looked on day, and made it night.

"There's Sappho, little but a name,
And Pindar, but a fragment hoary;
And Phidias fills a niche in fame
With formless shadow of his glory.
Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed,
Hath paper, type, and gilding got;
And drops, the mud-barge, down the tide
Where the immortal galleys float.

"S range doom! high wisdom wrecked and lost,
Or just a splinter drifts ashore,
Through dark and stormy ages tossed,
To make us grieve there is no more.
And such as this great fellow, he
Gets handed down safe to this day—
The heirloom of stupidity,
To make us grieve another way.

"'Tis well, perhaps: for indolence,
O'ershadowed by the ancient great,
Had sunk in hopeless reverence,
To worship, not to emulate—
But that among their matchless wise
They had their matchless fools as well,
And equal immortalities
To wit and folly both befell.

"And yet the oaf had curious brains
For cobwebs in the nooks of thought—
A spider-gift for subtle trains
Of useless reason, soon forgot.
And many a feeble soul, I know,
All blindless in his meshes lies;
So to the spider let him go—
God made them both for catching flies."

Thus musing, in a stormy mood
I flung him to his dusty nook,
And left the moth her proper food,
And cobwebs to a kindred book.
Just then it was, dear love, I heard,
Slow-swimming through the air, a rhyme
That soothed me, like a pious word
Remembered at a needful time.

Small skill have I in harmonies,
Recording, with their measured roll
The master-spirit's mysteries,
The maze and motion of his soul.
But now and then mine ear will catch
And keep rehearsing dreamily
A plaintive thought—a little snatch
From the Eternal melody.

So with the harmonies of truth,
I may not soar with those that hymn,
In beauty of immortal youth,
Among the clear-eyed seraphim;
I can but stand without the doors,
And sometimes catch a passing strain,
Like that the mellow blackbird pours
In twilight woods, fresh after rain—

A passing strain of plaintive thought,
In natural music softly stealing,
Like pathos of a common lot,
Or homely incident, or feeling:
Nor deep, nor broad, nor soaring high
Nor surging with the passion-surge:
But rippling clear and quietly
Along the common path of life.

And that is all: there was a time
Of windy vanities, when I
Deemed that among the harps sublime
My psalm might blend its melody.
I'm wiser now—I can but sit
In lowly bower of joy or grief,
With thee, dear love, to share in it,
And pipe to give our hearts relief.

It vexed me when this wisdom came
At first, and wrestling with my fate,
I strove awhile to fan the flame,
And, spite of nature, to be great.
Yet, what is better than to know
What God has given thee strength to be?
To live a true life here below
Is more than dreaming gloriously.

Then play that plaintive air to me
You touch so often when alone,
That moves in its simplicity,
With natural grace in every tone.
I'm weary of all mocking birds,
I'm weary, too, of straining throats;
And sweetly drop its natural words
In natural fall of plaintive notes.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.* ORWELL.

FREE SPEECH.

FREE speech with the Puritans was a self-defensory claim and not a universal principle. Every man might revile the Pope—but the Quakers were forbid to revile the Protestant (laughter). This is as far as their experiment went. They believed in free speech, but beyond their own experience they dreaded it. It was reserved for their children to carry out to its full proportions this fundamental right of liberty (applause).

It is the joy and glory of our age that this benign principle—liberty of the tongue—has dropped its blossoms upon our land, and that our hands are full of its fruits. For what are free ports, in and out of which ships of all nations may go, compared to the free mouth, which is the soul's port? And what is all the merchandise of gold and silver, of silks and spices, compared with the commerce of wisdom?

There, invisible, the all-skilful soul fashions her precious wares, weaves divine truths into governments for the nations, forges implements for sacred warfare, executes all conceits of beauty and of grace, and to the tongue she commits her treasures, as to a free and universal merchantman, that runs through every latitude, and with endless rounds of benefaction enriches the globe.

They planted the seed; we gather the fruit. Now, the civilized world is yielding to a Puritan doctrine. Free speech is to the soul what free air is to the body. To deny or suppress it is to take sides with deceit and wickedness. No righteous cause suffers by open search (applause). No cause dreads a free press unless it has reason for dreading it. There is always a lie or wrong when a probing tongue makes men wince; and he that shuts a free man's mouth would, if he had an opportunity, temptation and impunity, shut the prison door upon him. To shut up the tongue in his mouth is a worse imprisonment than to shut his body in a dungeon. But the Puritan was not omniscient. He could not borrow the Divine power of seeing the end from the beginning. Nor should we blame him for knowing only those stars which rose in his hemisphere.

And legal resistance to this free commerce of the mouth is war and despotism, and lawless attack upon it buccaneering or piracy (cheers and prolonged applause).—*H. W. Beecher.*

REIGN OF TERROR IN POLAND.

THE following is an extract of a letter, dated "Wilna, November, 1860," and published in the *Wiadomosci Polskie:* "We live in a reign of terror. The days of Nicholas have revived in all their horror, and no one can say what will happen on the morrow. The Commission of Inquiry has again been established, under the presidency of Colonel Haller, the chief of the Governor's office. Searches in private houses are frequent. The local chief of police, Wasilew, generally enters a house unexpectedly at midnight, with all his suite, tumbling about papers and books, and looking into the pockets and beds of the inhabitants. Men are sent to prison for having in their possession forbidden books, which have been for the last few years in uninterrupted circulation about the country, and have found leaders among all classes, from the students of the universities to the *employés* of the police. All kinds of books and pamphlets are being looked for. A few days ago, Ass, the bookseller, in whose shop a bundle of foreign publications was found, was arrested. In a former letter I informed you of the imprisonment of Ladislas Jankowski. The fate of that gentleman greatly interests all here, for every one is convinced of his innocence and of his worthy, immaculate character. He had a boys' school, and by dint of immense labor supported respectably, not only himself, but also his old father and his two younger brothers, who are being educated at the University. The reason of this imprisonment was, that last year a man lived at his house named Wisniewski, a tutor, in whose possession were found sundry patriotic verses. Many hope that eventually Jankowski will be restored to liberty; but in any case his career has been stopped and his means of life taken from him, and that they call a favor. As I have already said that the days of Nicholas have returned, I need not add that the days of Herod have come too, and that the persecution of children enters into the programme of these *Saturnia regna.* Several students have been imprisoned. Romer (grandson of the late Marshal Romer), a pupil at the Dworzanski Institute, who was accused of having put out some lamps in the windows on the day of the arrival of the Czar, was by order of the principal of the school so pitilessly beaten with rods that next day the poor boy became insane. All these persecutions are the consequence of an order of the Emperor to inquire into conspiracies which never did or could have existed."

MADAME MARIO AND THE WOUNDED GARIBALDINI.—The correspondent of the London *News* writes from Naples, Nov. 30th, as follows:

"I have just visited the hospital of St. Sebastian, in company with Madame Mario. After we had visited the bedsides of the wounded she was requested to walk into another ward, and there I saw one of those touching scenes rarely witnessed, but which do so much honor to our common nature. There were about twenty or thirty of the wounded Garibaldini, who had come as a deputation from some five or six hundred of their sick and wounded brethren, to express their gratitude to her before she leaves Naples. A 'Picciotto,' scarcely up to my elbow, whom I have watched for two months, then came forward and presented Madame Mario with a bouquet, a letter, and a little packet. The letter was signed by nearly 600, and after some of the signatures I observed the word 'amputato'—the poor fellows had signed with their left hands! A young man whose head was still bound up, then advanced, and taking from the packet a small gold medal, pinned it on her bosom. It bears on one side the words, 'A Jessie White Mario, i feriti Garibaldini'; on the obverse, 'Napoli, Novembre, 1860,' with a horse in the centre, as the emblem of Naples. (To Jessie White Mario, the wounded Garibaldini. Naples, Nov., 1860.) After the medal had been attached, Madame Mario, who was much affected, went round the group of sufferers, some of whom she had supported whilst under amputation, and all of down she had nursed. The 'picciotto' she kissed twice. There were few words said, for I believe all hearts were full, but a more striking or touching scene I never witnessed than that of these maimed and wounded men, the bravest of the brave, in the name of 600 of their companions, doing homage to a true-hearted woman, and she an Englishwoman. This is the second gold medal she has received during this campaign, for the wounded in Palermo presented her with one also; and richly has she deserved her honors, for one who has watched her almost daily for two months, and been an eye-witness of her self-sacrifice and devotion, declares that never did a truer-hearted woman live."

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